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Yours truly
Randolph Tailer

A

MEMOIR

OF

RANDOLPH SAILER.

Second Edition.

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PREFACE.

THE first edition of the following Memoir was published by Mr. HENRY BOWER, a personal and intimate friend of its Subject, and consisted of a limited number of copies only. Inquiries for the work having been made by some friends who were unable to procure copies, it has been determined to reprint, with a few alterations, the tribute to Mr. SAILER'S memory, which has proved so acceptable.

The life of RANDOLPH SAILER, though passed amid occupations in their nature strongly contrasted, and each, while followed, engaging his absorbed attention, was, yet, one continuous exercise of all the qualities which entitle men to the esteem of their fellow-men. As a boy, we find him brave and energetic, proven in the rescue of his brother at the risk of his own life. We note the same energy and courage manifested in his more mature years, in a willingness to give up the almost certain chances of wealth, to follow what he considered to be the duty of his life. Industry, punctuality, hard and earnest study, prayerful hope, were his daily attributes, and were firmly engrafted upon his nature.

The course of such a man, though short, must form one of "the lives that speak." Hence, the hope is indulged, that the winning message conveyed by his even and consistent example may prove beneficial to thoughtful and ingenuous youth. Such persuasion has prompted the publishers to improve the opportunity of giving to the present Memoir a wider circulation.

Memoir.

RANDOLPH SAILER, the son of Mr. Joseph Sailer, now (1871) and for many years past financial editor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, was born in Woodbury, N. J., on the 24th of May, 1833; he was the second of seven children, and the eldest boy; his grandmother, Mrs. Sailer, is still living, being now 98 years of age, a remarkably energetic woman, having lost her husband in early life, and having raised successfully seven sons and a daughter, besides retaining in the family two farms. Mr. Joseph Sailer was the seventh and youngest son; he removed to Philadelphia in 1839.

RANDOLPH became a pupil in the Catharine Street Public School soon after his father's removal to the City. From early childhood he manifested great thoughtfulness and studiousness, learned his lessons with ease and retained what

he had learned with tenacity, being regarded by all as a very clever boy. In his youth he showed great bravery of character, both morally and physically, was always self-denying to a marked degree, having as well, an innate power for the exercise of punctuality. When quite a boy, the alarm clock stood upon his mantelpiece to arouse him from his slumbers, and it never sounded in vain; even if late hours the night before, or slight indisposition would, besides youth, assist to hold him in the drowsy embrace of sleep, he would rise to his task, whatever it chanced to be. When about ten years of age, being upon a visit to his grandmother in New Jersey, Randolph, with a younger brother, went fishing in the Delaware River, at the foot of a wharf about forty rods from the house. For some purpose he returned to the house, leaving his brother in charge of the rod and line. The little fellow, while endeavoring to cast the line, fell into the river, in water far over his depth. Randolph, coming from the house, did not see the boy on the wharf, and hastening to its edge, saw him appear above the surface; plunging in, he caught the sinking form by the clothing, and by great effort reached some logs near by; clinging

to these, he held firmly to the child, until both were rescued from the dangerous position by stouter arms. He entered the High School in July, 1845, being then twelve years old. This school was then in the zenith of its usefulness, under the principal direction of Professor JOHN S. HART; the class of which he was a member numbered one hundred and twelve pupils, and Randolph Sailer ranked among the highest. He graduated from this institution in July, 1849, completing the full course. Then only sixteen years old, yet from his studiousness, the rapidity with which he acquired knowledge, and his quick perception of character, he was far in advance of most of those of his own age in general information and fitness for business. Just at that time, Mr. Thomas H. Powers, of the house of Powers & Weightman, manufacturing Chemists of Philadelphia, applied to Professor Hart for a young lad, qualified to assist him in his counting-room. Randolph Sailer having been recommended, was accepted. Having learned phonography at the High-School, and writing a peculiarly neat and legible hand, he was eminently fitted for the post of corresponding clerk. His occupation for four years was that of taking down

in short hand the matter dictated by Mr. Powers, and writing letters from these notes. Mr. Powers describes him when he entered the office, as a youth neat in dress, polished in manners, handsome, quick in movement, well read, and with all exceedingly modest; he took his place in the counting-house July 23, 1849.

Randolph becoming of a deeply religious turn of mind, joined the Presbyterian Church, uniting with "Old Pine Street Church," of which the Rev. Dr. Brainerd was Pastor, and became a favorite of that good man. Deeply impressed with the obligation of "doing good," and modestly hopeful of his qualifications to effect it, he now began to think of becoming a minister of the Gospel, and finally determined to fit himself for the duties of the pulpit. That he encountered much opposition to this course is not to be marvelled at, for the position he held, and the warm regard of his employers would seem to have placed him in a particularly favorable position for future welfare; but, to use his own language, "he could withstand argument and resist logic, but he must yield to the force of truth, as that truth revealed itself in a life, benevolent, pure and self-sacrificing."

It was noticed about this time, by those of his friends who had opportunity of observing him, that Randolph studied closely a number of scholarly and systematic works of a religious character. Among them he read Bishop McIlvaine's Evidences of Christianity, and, as he said, "with great interest and profit to himself."

He began study, to prepare to enter the University of Pennsylvania, while still occupying his desk at the counting-room—commencing then, perhaps, to practice in earnest that wonderful industry and great economy of time, which, all through his life, were among its marked features. Books were purchased, a student's desk provided, and, while discharging his duties faithfully as a clerk, he made rapid progress in English and Classical studies.

Mr. Sailer was now twenty-one years old, and was advised by many to enter some Theological Seminary at once, but from his love of thoroughness, and being firmly convinced that in order to become an occupant of the pulpit, more general learning and culture than he possessed were demanded, he decided to enter the University first. By his private study he was enabled to pass the examinations of the freshman and sophomore

classes, entering at once the junior class in the autumn of 1855. This is a difficult task and trying ordeal, and rarely accomplished, as the first two years of college life fit one in many particulars for the following classes. To use the language of one of his fellow-students, "Mr. Sailer was always among the most distinguished of his class with regard to scholarship, was always noted for his close and conscientious attention to his college studies, and was proficient in all of the branches included in the course, though perhaps excelling in the English branches, Belles Lettres, and Moral Philosophy. He was a lucid and elegant writer and good speaker, his essays and declamations (which in the senior class were of original composition,) being uniformly of a high standard. From his studious and retiring disposition, Mr. Sailer naturally associated in the class with those who, like himself, tried to make the most of the opportunities for acquiring knowledge. He was, nevertheless, so gentle and so affable in his manners, that he soon secured and constantly retained not only the respect but the friendship of every one of his classmates." Upon two consecutive occasions when demonstrating a problem at the black-board, being very faint, he

was obliged to sit down; fearing that the professor and his class-mates might think he was feigning illness, upon the last occasion he requested that a low mark might be given for the recitation.

The following are some of his essays written about that time:

SPRING.

"The time of the singing of birds" and the season for asparagus is with us again. Rough winter with unblushing effrontery, lingered a full month in the lap of spring, until the maiden, with a tardy sense of propriety, and half repenting her act, dismissed him. Now external nature assumes her beautiful robe of green, and human nature puts on his light pantaloons. The stern frost-king has been forced reluctantly to relax the rigid grasp of his authority, and the fountains of waters rejoice in their recovered freedom; shad have appeared in our rivers, and like shadows they have disappeared from our tables. Tender plants peep timidly above the ground, and the mercury of Mr. Fahrenheit rises to confute those who have maintained, for so many weeks, that the scale above ten degrees was a useless and wasteful expenditure. Unpleasant sights of overcoats put up with camphor, yield to delightful anticipations of strawberries put down with sugar. The news

of peace, from the East, is followed by the announcement of peas from the South. Smiling April skies have tempted credulous humanity to long rambles in entire oblivion of umbrellas, and then have sent their sudden showers upon new overcoats and hats with malicious satisfaction. Almanacs are useful documents contrived to show the succession of the months and seasons, and kindred phenomena, of great service in ascertaining when a birth-day comes or when the soldiers' parade, and in selecting a moonlight night for a serenade. Moreover, our newspapers, with commendable foresight, are accustomed to place the current dates upon their daily issues. But college students with a moderate share of conscience towards their appointed tasks, cannot be supposed to find time to consult either almanacs or newspapers. And yet the college student is able to determine with unerring certainty that spring has arrived. There is a set of symptoms which long experience has inseparably associated with the vernal season. Where for months past the toiling seeker after knowledge has been accustomed to sit in the exploration of Greek roots, with the outside atmosphere jealously excluded, and with a grateful appreciation of the pheno-

menon of combustion, he now feels impelled to recline with extinguished fires and raised sash. There enters a balmy zephyr which scarce lifts his dishevelled locks, but which exerts influences as magical as did the lamp of Aladdin. It is the universal solvent of the physical and mental energies, and through its medium the senses carry to the mind new perceptions of outward things. Desks and book-shelves are conceded to look so well in their present position, that it would be a pity in any way to disturb their regularity and repose. The Greek and Latin authors are thought to use a great amount of words in giving a very little information, and that little can be profitably dispensed with, at least for the present. Even Liddell and Scott, that most trusty and well beloved of lexicons, becomes at once entirely too diffuse and too minute. All the conclusions of mental science are set down as baseless conjecture, and there can be no manner of use in burdening the memory with them.

The study of the steam engine is regarded with pleasant indifference, and its most ingenious mechanism is insufficient to raise the temperature of the feelings to surprise or admiration. If there had ever been a glimmering apprehension in the

student's mind that there might possibly be some sense or usefulness in the Differential and Integral Calculus, it is now utterly vanished, and there is an instinctive conscientiousness against opening the treatise.

And as to writing an essay, actually sitting down to think out a composition, it is preposterous, out of the question. But if there be no escape from the requirements of two pages, it will be at least impossible to write anything dignified or sensible: *Ergo, vide supra.*

PLEASURES OF SCHOLARSHIP.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY
IN COMPETITION FOR THE "HENRY REED PRIZE,"
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

He who would describe justly the wide-spread and harmonized beauty of the Hudson Valley, must have climbed, with weary toil, the heights of Catskill. So he who would presume to speak of the uncounted charms in the varied expanse of scholarship, should have attained some commanding eminence within its borders.

Yet a kind indulgence will listen to the praises of the Hudson prospect, from him whose feeble steps have made but the smallest beginning of ascent; and we plead a like leniency to those whose timid efforts have revealed to their wistful eyes only scanty glimpses of the "delightsome land" of scholarship.

The dignity of learning, the might of science, the demonstrable value of art, compel the homage

of men: but we would rather allure their willing minds by setting forth the boundless resources of peaceful pleasure which wait upon the scholar. Within the limits of our common dependence, he is the most independent of men. Rich in solid acquirements and a cultivated taste, he feels not that pinching poverty of intellect which binds men in helplessness. By manly energy, he has risen above the stratum of restless and unsatisfied devotees of sense; he breathes a new atmosphere of serene enjoyment, and his quiet thirst craves not the turbid waters of popularity and power. In an emphatic sense, his mind is to him a kingdom, and its revenues are proportional to the carefulness of its culture and the wisdom of its government. He is a cosmopolite in his native village; and in the solitude of his study, he gives audience to those upon whom the world looked with reverence, and whose thoughts were received as a glad legacy by all the nations of the earth. Through their beaming pages, they show to the scholar all their heart, and his appreciative sympathy rouses them to congenial warmth. To the mass of men, a written and spoken language is a matter of course, as little likely to excite attention and comment as the abstract question of existence. But

to the scholar it is a phenomenon, and its investigation is a well-spring of pleasure. He scans narrowly the primitive frame-work of the structure, and marks with curious interest how rude hands have piled and mingled its diverse materials. He discovers the heavy logs of the Saxon, and the light gray stone of the Norman joining and overlapping in grotesque confusion; the one giving the real strength of the edifice, while the other usurps the places of beauty and ornament. He perceives how, in their rough junction, the Saxon carving and the Norman moulding have been broken away as useless refinements, and how the noiseless hand of time has smoothed and rounded these primitive fractures. He notes the simplicity of the plan, the capacity and fitness of the apartments, the massive strength of the whole building. He is never weary of examining the crowded and motley furniture and tracing its sources. He discovers here and there a utensil of the Arabs or the Moors, sadly patched and mended. More frequently he meets with composite masses of Greek remains; and upon all sides, disfigured Roman countenances stare him in the face. He recognizes without difficulty little objects of French and Italian *vertu;* but constant use has

broken the handles from the vases, and battered the noses of the statuary, except where their importers have placed them carefully upon an Italic shelf, or protected them from danger by a double fence of quotation marks.

Novelty and beauty of adaptation continually reward his searching vision, and his mother tongue looms out of the mist in all the stateliness of its fair proportions. After such discoveries as these, how interesting to the scholar are the very sounds and letters of his language! A single spoken word fires a train of associations, and lights up the arches of his memory.

The Celt, or Saxon, or Norman who gave it birth, steps forth from the shadow, and in the dim back ground appear the rocks or forests of its primitive home. Then there glides before him the rapid panorama of its wanderings and transformations, the changeful record of its popularity and neglect. With what power and skill does he use the weapons so familiar! The weighers of the Mint do not test their delicate assays more accurately than does he the weight of words. Disposed and compacted with unerring certainty, they fall irresistibly upon the minds of men, now enlightening as the sudden breaking of the sun from

heavy clouds, now rousing the soul like the notes of the clarion, and now soothing chafed spirits like the gentle flow of rivulets.

The scholar's possessions include the broad domain of the world's poetry. The beauty and fragrance of its flowers are for him. The spreading branches of its oaks shield his head, and its zephyrs cool his brow. Its pleasant nooks invite him to their enjoyment and repose. He treads with sympathy and delight the paths of invention and imagery which its old masters have marked out, and the pearls of truth, which his watchful eyes discovered by the way, are for his own enrichment. The thoughts which oft-times stirred his soul, but were too big for his own utterance, are clearly enunciated by the poet. The ideas which haunted him, so shadowy and vast in outline that they mocked his efforts to delineate them, he finds vividly portrayed in lines of graceful rhyme. The struggling aspirations of spirit which his shrinking and conservative intellect checked and disallowed, meet their full response and encouragement in the books of his great teachers. The happy consciousness breaks upon him that minds of such nobility are kindred with his own, and with renewed zest he explores their

wanderings and seeks out their hidden treasures. He travels in these worn tracks until strengthened and disciplined by the exercise, his imagination becomes a swift chariot to bear him upon unbroken ground, and to open new avenues of thought for those who shall come after him.

The scholar enjoys a most agreeable and varied intercourse, of which the illiterate and sensual man has no conception. He walks in a universe where every work from the hand of nature, reserved and silent to the unlearned, has, for him, a friendly voice and greeting. The sun sends along his beaming rays a message to explain his position and movements in the heavens, and with the familiarity of old acquaintance, telegraphs his arrival at equinox and solstice. The moon, studiously polite, in all her circling orbit never turns her back, and she nods to the scholar, when they meet, with dignified and matronly precision. The stars, at his earnest glance, start from their scattered confusion and range themselves with deferential haste into orderly companies; while the alpha of each group sends a ray, faint and breathless with the long journey, to report its name. The comets, with wicked delight affrighting other men, wink and smile to the scholar, and fairly

wag their tails in pleasant harmlessness. The winds, who make the whole world believe in their unfettered freedom and arbitrary power, confide to him their constrained obedience to a code of laws. The tide, which waits for no man, stops to murmur to him a piteous complaint of the moon's remorseless tyranny. The trees and plants do not conceal their hidden circulation and mysterious life, and they make known to him freely their preferences of soil and moisture. The roses blush and the violets shrink into yet closer retirement as they whisper timidly their long names in Latin, and modestly point out the generic likeness and specific differences of their family relations. Mountains and upheaved rocks detain him in long conference, and he listens with wonder and admiration to their whispered revelations of the dim past. Birds, beasts and fishes amuse and instruct him with curious disclosures of their organization, their habits, their peculiarities; and the whole animated nature is an open book, inviting him to turn leaf after leaf in knowledge of creation's wonders. With most profound and comprehensive interest he looks upon man, upon the miracles of adaptation in his structure, the clearly marked boundaries of his races, the problems of

his physical well-being, the investigations, baffled and imperfect, of the mysteries of his intellectual and moral nature. What glorious prerogatives of scholarship in the cultivation of such noble sympathies, the gratification of these lofty aspirations! It has been hard, in indicating even so meager a part of the enjoyments of the scholar, to reserve for a separate mention the religion which so dignifies and elevates them.

The members of our solar system would unquestionably continue to exist in some form and condition, if the laws of gravitation should be annihilated; and so there may doubtless be varied and accurate scholarship without Christianity. But as the astronomer would be hopelessly at a loss in attempting to discuss the motions of the planets without assuming the power of a central and controlling sun, so we would consider the religion of the Bible as the governing and modifying principle of all the scholar's attainments, and an essential ingredient in his refined pleasures.

Does he study language? At the very outset he is impressed by the reflection that the faculty of speech, the inventive fancy, the combining intellect, are the gifts of God. He traces spoken and written language to its beginnings, and finds

its earliest records in the sacred oracles. Does he seek its choicest developments in poetry? He discovers the burning strains which inspiration stooped to employ, seeming not unworthy of heaven's revelations. The minds whose explorations of truth have instructed and delighted him, he humbly recognizes as the handiwork of the Great Creator, Who fashioned men's hearts alike. The works of nature, with which he holds so pleasant intercourse, speak always of their Author. The heavens declare His glory; they show the moon and the stars which He has made. Even the winds and the sea obey Him; the Lord has His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet. All the trees of the forest clap their hands; fruitful trees and cedars praise the Lord. The mountains quake at Him; the rocks are thrown down by Him; of old He laid the foundations of the earth. Every beast of the forest is His, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. The body of man, fearfully and wonderfully made, is His handiwork. His eyes are over all the earth; not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His knowledge. The scholar's delight in the objects of his perception terminate not upon themselves; material things

point him to their great first Cause; His being and attributes furnish, through His word, unfathomable depths of reverent study and contemplation, and His schemes of providence and redemption stir up liveliest emotions of personal interest. "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have *pleasure* therein." The Christianity of the scholar is the crown of the Pleasures of Scholarship.

HUMAN GLORY.

One of the most startling utterances that ever fell upon the ear of youth, is that which came with deliberate solemnity from the lips of Payson, carrying with it the weight and authority of his subtle discernment and deep experience: "I never was a *happy* man until I had abandoned all thought of being a *great* man." Can it be so? The aspiring youth shrinks from so unwelcome a truth, and would fain discredit it. Standing in the flush of eager expectation at the outset of the career of active life, his primary and ever-present aim is happiness; but in the same line of vision his longing soul sees fame, and he has not doubted that the two paths coincide:—or that while he presses toward the shrine of the one goddess, he is nearing, with equal strides, the rewards of the other. From this tacit assumption spring all his motives and his plans, and it colors with rosy

tint every day-dream of his future. How, then, can he hear patiently that happiness and human glory do not bear even companionship, that the ways of their pursuit are diverse, and that he who seeks the one must utterly forsake the other? The warm gush of youthful aspirations returns upon his soul with cold revulsion, and "the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Although from the pages of the primer to the classic verse of Sophocles, we have seen the thirst for human glory held up for reprobation, and although at every turn, we have been met by "wise saws and modern instances," to condemn the ambition for earthly fame, yet there is no truth which so signally fails to affect the conscience, or else from its irksomeness, is so universally ignored. Certain it is, that among those whom God has gifted, there are few who look onward to their future, without either a settled purpose, or a vague desire to be, by some conquest of the world's applause, among the great ones of the earth. But, sought for itself alone, neither the pursuit nor the attainment of such an object has ever brought solid and abiding happiness. Deeds which are called forth by no higher motive than the love of

human applause, by the desire to stand upon a pinnacle of the world's fame, and to have the heart swelled with emotions which the subjection and homage of fellow-mortals excite, can never partake of the loftiness and consecration of spirit which alone give abiding peace. He who lends his energies to the pursuit avowedly relinquishes any claim to *present* enjoyment. The better sympathies of his nature, whose culture and expansion might throw around his path a graceful fragrance, are neglected and stinted in order that all care and labor may be lavished upon those qualities which lead to power and command applause. Though there be not that painful and unremitting watchfulness which the most absorbing thirst for fame implies, yet, in any degree, it is essentially a condition of discontent. This is the undying worm which gnaws at the heart of earthly ambition. But surely there is a full reward when the long-sought post is reached,—when the laurel is obtained, and the glory so ardently desired at length sheds its brightness upon the head of the aspirant, and upon the dazzled eyes of all beholders. Now at least he may repose in undisturbed enjoyment. Alas! the unanimous voice of keen-sighted observation and sad experi-

ence since the world began, sounds out a confirmation of the fiat of Omnipotence: "Man being in honor abideth not." And these alike point to that "glory, honor and immortality," the pursuit of which alone gives nobleness to man, and the attainment of which alone is true bliss.

A NIGHT AT SEA.

Come, O! ye busy powers of fancy, and sketch for the mental gaze of an untaught landsman the beauties and deformities, the pleasures and the pains, the haps and mishaps, the customs and circumstances of a night at sea! Let him behold on your glowing canvas the stirring scenes which have been denied to the eyes of his flesh; and let the fullness and richness of the shadows console him for the utter deprivation of the reality! A night at sea implies momentous antecedents, which loom dimly in the back-ground. The excited preparation of days and weeks,—the thoughtfulness for the affairs of business, and the self-gratulation upon expected pleasure,—the regret of separating from old scenes and cherished objects,—all close with the final hurried good-byes,—with the last straining look at friends on shore, and the last waving of a handkerchief from the deck. Now he must needs turn and bestow his attention upon the varied objects of his new home; but save

the heavy feeling which tender partings have left at his heart, he finds no cause for disquietude. Though he may never before have floated beyond the clear vision of his native shores, yet so long as the sun shines, all seems natural enough,—since ships almost at his door daily invite the landsman to acquaintance, at least with their phases and arrangements by the light of day. True, the gradual receding of the shore, its outlines growing less and less distinct, until at last the eye loses them in the uncertain horizon, the strange sight of naught but sky above and sea around, and his entirely original observations of the process of practical navigation, are all new experiences to him; but such as these have been associated with his first ideas of ship life. He receives them as a matter of course, and there is nothing in *them* to disturb the quiet self-possession with which he enjoys their novelty. And forthwith allowing his mind an easy range in pleasant chat, or converse with books, he "lays the flattering unction to his soul" that a voyage is a very agreeable recreation. But as the somber shades of night gradually fill up all space, his anxiety and discomfort increase in an inverse ratio with the departure of day, and his feelings of ease and enjoyment leave him

with "a uniformly accelerated motion." The clear sky and zephyr-like winds of the day have given place to a stiff breeze and lowering clouds. The sea leaps to the rough contest with the winds, and though repulsed at every assault, returns to the charge with undaunted courage and ever-increasing rage and violence. The good ship shares the indignation of the assailed element, and assumes a motion in sympathy. However interesting such a scene may be to contemplate in marine pictures, it is utterly void of romance to our staggering and clinging passenger. During the day he may have looked with dignified pity upon the unhappy state of those with more susceptible stomachs than his own; or he may have been moved to merriment by their grotesque postures and ludicrous complaints. But now he turns below with a vague suspicion that perhaps his own system requires a slight tonic. In the confined air of the cabin the feelings which have given rise to this suspicion assume a distinctness that casts an awful seriousness over his whole demeanor. He thinks of that which at home has been his refuge in time of all such trouble,—his friendly bed. But the idea of going to bed on board ship, is instinctively repugnant. It seems unnatural

and inconsistent, and entirely at variance with his innate instincts and acquired habits. He has inspected his berth, and knows that he is to sleep there, but the thought of actually undressing himself to get into such a place as that, involves something of the ridiculous. But his peculiar feelings are a powerful motive force; so letting go of the temporary support where he has been feebly illustrating the doctrine of forces and resistances, he reaches his berth by a line whose equation is entirely beyond the reach of analytical geometry by any set of co-ordinates whatever. Unable to speak, he motions to the steward, who with incredible activity is supplying basins and performing kind offices. How he is partially unclothed and assisted to his lofty couch, is to this day a mystery to himself. In a normal state of mind and body, he would listen with terror to the roaring of the winds and the rushing of the mighty waters, and reflect with solemnity that only a plank separates between him and destruction; but he has reached that stage in which he is utterly indifferent whether he be on the one side of the plank or the other,—and fortunate is he if his distressing infliction allows sleep to his eyelids on his first night at sea.

BURIED TREASURES.

Human nature is ever the same. Revolving ages display its numerous and varied, but established developments. Solomon held the pen of a ready writer against the same obliquities of humanity which called forth the subtle delineations of Shakspeare; and the son of Sophroniscus painted the same inherent traits which we receive, with a more delicate shading, from the pencil of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Among the innumerable characteristics of our common nature thus sketched for us, the innate propensity of man to covet ease and affluence without the troublesome and roundabout way of laboring for them, is notoriously prominent. The more careful observer will be surprised to find how universally this propensity has given rise to a belief in the existence of vast riches buried in the earth by a preceding generation. The hope of possessing these treasures for the mere digging, has animated credulous mortals since the world began. When

the wisest of men would express the deep and active earnestness which should mark the pursuit of wisdom, he could select from the habits of his fickle subjects no stronger comparison than the search for "hid treasures." We trace the folly of the children of Israel to another century and under a Grecian sky in the whimsical clown of Aristophanes; from the giddy Athenians to the mysterious diggers for Moorish gold in the gloomy shadow of the Alhambra; and from staid Spaniards to a new continent and Yankee inquisitors in the sanguine searchers for the coin and gems of our own Captain Kidd. Assuredly it is a development of our common nature. And is there not sadness in the view of a man wasting his strength in delusive vagaries to the neglect of great interests,—seeing good where no good is, but not able to discern the signs of the times, which everywhere point to the recovery of true riches. As usual, the principle has been developed downwards, but how grandly might it be embodied, by lofty, earnest minds, in the pursuit of practical utility! How nobly might such energy be employed in exhuming the buried treasures of the nations!

Once in the shadow of the Pyramids, there

moved the brilliant accessories of a finished civilization. The placid surface of the sacred river reflected marvellous evidences of the power and skill of man, sculptured temples, heaven-aspiring columns, and gigantic piles at which for long ages modern mechanism stood aghast. The Greeks of a later day, boastful in sculpture and architecture, must trace the birth of their arts, to rude imitations of Egyptian grandeur. Innumerable canals, projected and completed in utter contempt of obstacles, marked the science and energy of the people. When royal magnificence demanded the precious deposits formed in the bowels of the earth, lofty mountains were dug down, and entire rivers turned from their beds to wash out the shining ore. The busy hum of industry resounded from splendid cities and thriving villages: while in their priestly temples and schools many a mighty mind strove for nature's secrets, or climbed the toilsome path of exact science. The mysteriously moving stars confessed with mortified reluctance their discovered motions, and when the imperious sun hid his face to cast gloom and terror upon all the earth, the creeping shadow encountered in the Egyptian Astronomer only calm anticipation. Over all the interests of the land, there swayed a

scepter of wisdom and firmness, and throughout all the ramifications of government and police, Justice poised her even balance. What now is the people that gave to the world such magnificent lessons of progress and improvement? A motley nation of thieves and beggars,—a country abject in its squalid desolation. Science, art, civilization: these are the buried treasures of Egypt.

In the dawn of modern history, a band of Scythian robbers from the Steppes of Northern Asia, burst like an avalanche from their mountain home. Fierce, bold, irresistible, they pressed over all obstacles and enemies in their wild career of conquest. Rapidly increasing their numbers and widening out their limits, they pitched their tents in the land of Homer and Demosthenes; they set their feet upon the holy ground of Palestine. Joining the standard of the false prophet, it was their mighty aid which carried his victorious arms over the earth. Godfrey of Bouillon, and Richard the lion-hearted, encountered men as brave and chivalrous as themselves, and the Crusader's laurels were dearly won from the Saracen. With a daring band, Osman the bone-breaker, forced the passes of Olympus, and in the next century the

degenerate sons of the world's conqueror yielded Macedonia to the arms of Amaruth. The fall of Constantine's magnificent capital consummated the ruin of the Eastern Empire, and Europe trembled before the energy of the all-conquering Mohammed. Only the unwelcome summons of death troubled his plans against Persia and Rome; and the marble upon his tomb was a weight taken from the heart of the nations. But what now are the heirs of that greatness? Since Solyman the magnificent, no prince has carried the crescent to victory, and we behold Turkey, feeble, inactive, and stationary,—the sport of European diplomacy, —"the sick man" of the Czar. The spirit of the Koran binds the people, and in spite of treaties and decrees, to the Turk the Christian is still a despised dog,—a hated heretic. Independence, energy, vitality,—these are the buried treasures of the Ottoman.

The Visigoth was the very embodiment of personal liberty. When at last he ceased his wanderings, and made his home on the soil of Spain, he was fit successor to the Lusitanian who had dug the graves of so many Roman legions. It was the boast of the Visigoth that no shackles

could come upon his free limbs. Roman assault and Moorish invasion made cruel trial of his constancy and courage, but there ever burned unquenchable, even in the darkest cavern-retreat of the Asturas, the flame of liberty and independence. The spirit of Pelayo and his equal barons was not soon lost, but when, at length, just victory rested upon their spears, and the scattered provinces of Spain were gradually gathered under one firm monarchy, the spirit of the Visigoth was visible in jealousy of the royal prerogative and well-guarded constitutional rights, when liege subjects remained covered in the presence of their king, and the Cortes of Spain was freer than the Parliament of England. Then Spanish Captains led to conquest, and the Spanish name carried terror in Europe. The discovery of a new world rewarded her enterprise, and colonies which were continents became her dependencies. But her glory is departed,—Ichabod is written upon her palaces. Of her vast acquisitions in the Western Hemisphere, whereby Spain became an Empire upon which the sun never set, there remain but two islands in her uncertain grasp. That lofty spirit of chivalry which animated the contest of

two noble nations until it became the atmosphere of Spain and the very breath of Spaniards, has deserted their degenerate sons,—save where its departed spirit hovers over the land, or lingers among the mountains. Fettered in personal franchise, shackled and debased in mind, the nation is the fickle tool of a corrupt government or of equally corrupt factions. The independence of the Visigoth,—constitutional liberty and its attendant blessings,—these are the buried treasures of Spain.

Who could speak of the glory of the buried greatness of Greece! Who could estimate the value of the hid treasures of Italy! The proud pre-eminence of her Genoese and Venetian commerce, or the lavish splendor of her Roman art! Her noble deeds! Her pure faith! And is there nothing which England,—proud, complacent England,—may profitably dig up? Has there not disappeared from her national record somewhat of the truth and justice and straight-forward honesty which were once her boast? And is not her escutcheon stained with crooked diplomacy and acts of foul wrong? And are not her noble sons just in their burning reproaches? Is it mere

hyperbole which calls us to see how she has forgotten her true greatness?

> "How she frowns upon the free,
> How she ogles tyranny:
> How with despots she coquets,
> How she swears and then forgets;
> How she plays at fast and loose,
> With lofty right and gross abuse!"

Time was when her Saxon and even her Norman sons took their stations in the state and on the field, not by a line of ancestors or a string of titles, but by a tried wisdom in counsel, and skilled courage in the fight; when a general was something more than a glittering garter, and an admiral more than a coronet. How shall her degeneracy be told to

> "That long and glorious line of heroes,
> Who, beside the Stygian lake,
> Harken for news from England."
> "Methinks I see the awful brow
> Of Cromwell wrinkle at the tale forlorn,
> See the hot flushes of his forehead glow,
> Hear his low growl of scorn."

The nations claim glory for the buried dross of primitive ignorance and barbarism, but who

among them can abide the strict demand for the treasures of the past? May our own beloved country, with these memorials spread before her, profit by the lesson which they teach, and by faithfulness to her high trust, purchase exemption from a place among them. God forbid that history should ever record that the buried treasures of America are the patriot virtues of Washington.

RULING PASSIONS.

The records of the past present us with astounding marvels. Yet in the greatest events of history,—in revolutions of empire and in the shifting of mighty hordes,—in the establishment of leagues and systems, and in the upbuilding of national constitutions,—in the improvements of art and the advancement of civilization,—the sole animating and achieving power we find to be in the motives and actions of men,—mere men, of like passions with ourselves. The inhabited world is the space which they have required and cleared for their movements, and the world's history is the account of their deeds. But we are not presented with an equable flow and unruffled surface of mind symmetrical with mind, all cast in the same mould, and equipped and furnished by an unvarying standard. It is plain that what diversifies the record of the past is the wide dissimi-

larity of minds. But I present the additional thought that everything most desirable in civilization,—yea, everything most precious in learning and in religion, is due, under God, to the ruling passions of men.

The mind of ordinary mould is beneficently fitted for the enjoyment of life's pleasures, and the discharge of life's duties. It is susceptible of cultivation in all its faculties, and of gratifying achievements in many ways of wisdom. But thus with impartial justice distributing its power, and checking any aspirant impulses, all its attainments preserve the dignified level of mediocrity. But when a great intellect makes a heart-choice of one among the paths of human pursuit, and runs in it with the mighty strength which zeal inspires, the little space of a single lifetime suffices to leave foot-marks far beyond all previous exploration. It is not enough that a man be rudely jostled by the force of outward circumstances into a chance pursuit, and that necessity relentlessly urge him ever forward; it is not sufficient that self-interest point him to a tempting path and never cease to hold before his eager eyes still greater treasures and a large sweep of power; nay, more, not even when a keen eye has marked

a course which leads to fame, and gazing upon that bright phantom in the far distance, presses onward with unflinching courage and unwearied vigor, can we look for results which are truly great. It is only when the pursuit itself is a ruling passion,—when the soul delights to lavish upon *it* the richness of its treasure and the strength of its devotion, that the achievements wrought command our highest wonder and respect. "I have brought you this," said a young man to d'Alembert, presenting him with a solution of a difficult problem, "in order that I may gain a seat in the Academy." The great mathematician, whose own offering to his revered science had been nothing less than his whole heart's devotion, looked with contempt upon so paltry an oblation at the shrine. He replied coldly, "Sir, with such a disposition you will never deserve that distinction. Science must be loved for her own sake,—not for the advantages she brings."

What bribe of wealth or of power, what temptation of immortal fame, could have drawn from Newton his great discoveries! What could have aroused his giant intellect to its mighty workings, and sharpened his mental vision to look so

far into nature's mysteries, but the ardent love to search out truth which filled him,—what but a ruling passion?

Can we conceive a motive of fortune or of fame to have animated the Genoese admiral? To have sustained him in wearisome journeys, in heart-chilling rebuffs, against ridicule and reproach, in the midst of mutiny, and in the face of failure. Every act of his career bespeaks a deep enthusiasm for his cherished enterprise. He "found a new world for Castile and Leon," not to gain a kingdom or coronet, but under the potent influence of a ruling passion.

The daring Drake, that precious fillibuster of Queen Bess, though he brought home untold treasure, would never have "put a girdle 'bout the earth," but for a passion to ride amid the waves, and to search out their secret places. His adventurous spirit delighted more to sail into startling danger, than even on bended knee to hear "Sir Francis" from the lips of his virgin queen. We read in his exploits another development of the ruling passion.

At twenty Henry Martyn was named Senior Wrangler at the University of Cambridge,—the highest mathematical honor in England, and no-

bly won by the brilliant talents and unwearied assiduity of the young graduate. Surely his wonderful attainments were due to nothing less than a ruling passion,—but as a star before the rising sun, so this devotion paled and disappeared before the divine energy which was to sway his future life. It was the ruling passion which carried him from the refined endearments of home to wearisome journeys, and more wearisome labors on the burning plains of India. Did he lend all his powers to the study of Sanscrit roots and Hindostanee dialect? It was the prompting of an ardent desire to give words of life and light to a nation in darkness. Did he confound acute Arabic doctors with his demonstrations of the very science of which they boasted? It was that mathematics, as all things else, should be subservient to that message which he had come to proclaim. Did he, alone, meet dark-browed conclaves of Persian soofies, and with unflinching boldness sift the claims of the false prophet and his book? It was only that he might exalt the master whom he served;—whose glory it was his ruling passion to establish. He gave his life a sacrifice to his zeal, and the world's records do not show a nobler fame than he achieved.

Let me carry you back but a few years, and in the midst of the mad gayety of the gayest capital of Europe, there moves a man, when he stirs abroad, in deep abstraction. But when the sun is brightest and the throng is densest, he is shut from the sight of men in labor and study. Long successive days record only successive failures with camera and solution and plate. But his is an art which knows no limit but the impossible, and his pursuit is a ruling passion. What wonder, then, that Daguerre should at length show before the world his wonderful discovery?

The youth, Haydn, walked the streets of Vienna penniless and almost resourceless, his talent unacknowledged, neglected. But in his garret he could record "with my worm-eaten harpsichord I envy not the lot of kings." He whose heart was so attuned to concord of sweet sounds, and whose enthusiasm never burned less brightly for the chills of neglect and poverty, was he from whom we might reasonably expect the triumphs of modern music,—the sublime harmonies of the Creation.

We of the nineteenth century have so great complacency in the abundant evidence of our progress, that we are in danger of falling into the

opinion, that in no point whatever can the men of ancient days be contrasted with us. But it is well to remember that in the cardinal excellence of a language, modern civilization can bring but shreds and patches to compare with the noble and symmetrical structures of classic Greece and Rome. It is not strange, then, that in all the world these yet retain the allegiance of taste and scholarship; and we of this *alma mater* are privileged to know what enthusiasm they may worthily excite, and how life-giving is its influence. Why is it that Heindorf and Dindorf, Ernesti and Kruger, Hermann and Stallbaum, names unmusical to ears polite, are heard with reverence in college halls, and wherever scholars most do congregate? And why does the name of Bekker of Berlin, come across the water even to us as *the* diplomatic critic of Europe, to whose eye alone Greek manuscript gives up its hidden mysteries clearly, but that a ruling passion to dig in ancient lore has pressed every faculty into its service, and monopolized the energies of his whole life.

We are accustomed to stigmatize those who, with great absorption, "buy and sell and get gain," as the bond-slaves of Mammon, and doubtless it is a charge mournful in the extent of its

application among us. Yet it is not hard to point out men with whom the mercantile life is a ruling passion: whose highest satisfaction it is to plan shipments and manage sales, to seize upon a southern market or monopolize an eastern consignment: whose plans of operation are more thoroughly systematized than those of a field-marshal, and whose discipline of forces, from cashier to porter, is more perfect than that of an army: men whose accumulations of knowledge are solely for the uses of trade,—who have written upon the entrance of their minds, "no admittance except on business." It is such a ruling passion that makes merchant princes, and that "lengthens the cords and strengthens the stakes" of commercial houses. The tallow-chandler of London, who at length resigned his business to his boys, and retired upon a plum to his country-seat, was obliged to stipulate that he should come in and help on *melting-days*. Such a devotion could not be without meaning; and I hazard the assertion that *his* brand of candles brought the best price in the market, and enjoyed the utmost confidence of the trade.

When or how the ruling passion obtains the throne of the intellect, and lays under tribute

every defeated aspirant,—whether its dominion commence with the beginning of existence and grow in power with every year, or whether it be an unexpected invader, seizing upon authority because no occupant of the soil is strong enough to wield it, affects not the magnitude of its achievements. Pope lisped in numbers, and the cradle of Mozart resounded only with cadence and melody; while Gibbon records for us that it was at Rome, as he set musing amidst the ruins of the capital, and the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that there flashed upon his mind for the first time the idea of the "Decline and Fall," an undertaking which nothing but a ruling passion could have accomplished, and which the world of letters still regards with wonder.

The young man at whose feet the witnesses laid their clothes, at the martyrdom of Stephen, and who was consenting unto his death, was swayed by a ruling passion of unexampled intensity. A Hebrew of the Hebrews, and as touching the law, a Pharisee, he brought the vast powers of his intellect and the fearful energy of his whole nature to bear upon the advancement of his nation and the honor of his haughty sect. A threatened in-

terference with these cherished objects aroused his relentless enmity and persecution: and, speaking after the manner of men, the ruling passion of Saul of Tarsus would have accomplished its fell purpose,—the despised Nazarenes would have been blotted out from the face of the earth. But the soul of man is as the clay in the hands of the potter unto Him who ruleth in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth. We see no longer Saul of Tarsus but Paul the Apostle; yet his surpassing powers remain in all their vigor, and they are again bowed unto a ruling passion. Whether startling by his burning words the Roman Governor of Judea, or from the top of Mars Hill declaring unto the giddy Athenians the unknown God whom they ignorantly worshiped; whether in the prison at Philippi or the palace at Rome, in scourging or in shipwreck, abiding or journeying, the same resistless desire blazed with unflickering brightness. Bound with a chain, and now such an one as Paul the Aged, he had stood once before Nero: and while he awaited that second hearing which was to expose him to the cruel wrath of the tyrant, the same devotion dictated bold and cheering words which have come through the lapse of ages to thrill our

hearts. His glorying was in the Divine energy which sustained him, and in the consciousness of his ruling passion. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." With the ghastly front of martyrdom almost before his eyes, he could write, "I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." And through the mist of time, we still mark clearly the sublimity of his undaunted bearing,—the very noblest instance of a ruling passion strong in death.

THE STREET CLEANERS.

A beneficent Providence has endowed the mind of man with innumerable capacities for its enjoyment and improvement. Not the least of these blessings is the disposition to gather lessons of wisdom from the objects and circumstances of daily life,—that reflective spirit which

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones and good in everything."

Doubtless this trait finds its most natural and abundant exercise in the midst of the works of nature, when everything speaks of the Great Architect and of His wonderful provision for the wants of His universe; but even in the thickly-built city, where piles of brick and mortar almost

shut the view of clouds and sky, the thoughtful man finds in every day life opportunity not only to gratify the fancy, but to inform the understanding and to improve the heart.

A frequent object for the pensive contemplation of the pedestrian,—although not so frequent but that it might be more so,—is the Street Cleaner. Some of his characteristics will excite reflection. The most casual glance at his demeanor teaches unmistakably the lesson of calm deliberation. His every movement protests against ill-considered haste. The motto which accompanied his family arms was probably "*festina lente*," but studied neglect has allowed the first word to become almost obscured. The well-known instance on record of a man who died in a hurry appears to be the salutary warning ever before his eyes, and he takes care that he shall never be exposed to a like calamity. The sweeps of his birch broom emulate in gravity and deliberation the pendulum of the Strasbourg clock. The lengthened contemplation of four or five of the fraternity on duty has an effect on the beholder like the balmy atmosphere of Italy, the fumes of opium, or the final drying at the baths of Damascus.

The classical student who has read Xenophon's Anabasis, and remembers any of it, is struck with the unique hoe-scraper of the street cleaner. It fires a train of mental associations which awaken him from dreaminess; for, as near as the truth can be arrived at among the dissentient authorities, it bears a close resemblance to the *Στλεγγιδες Χρυσαὶ* which Xenias offered as prizes to the soldies of Cyrus, with the merely incidental addition of a handle. Matured gravity is the inalienable requisite and characteristic of the street cleaner's office. It would be as gross an inconsistency to admit a mercurial young man into the fraternity as to make a lean man alderman, and the corporate spirit of the guild, aided by the sense of propriety in all reflective men, would rise instinctively against the consummation of such an outrage.

The street cleaner gathers from gutter and puddle and mud-filled crevices the filthy materials for his dirt-heap, until it stands a black and foul excrescence on the highway, offensive to every sense. Though removed never so carefully, there remains the polluted reeking mark of its temporary place; and many fair winds and beams of

friendly sunshine must exert their renovating powers before the eyes of men can rest with complacency upon it. So the aggregation of sins and evil habits is gross abomination to pure moral perception: and so the defilement of bad deeds and ways, even when renounced, clings to the polluted character, until the sunshine of divine truth and the soft breathings of the Spirit, cleanse and purify the heart.

STORE AND FIXTURES FOR SALE.

It is an open question whether a musing fancy be an advantage or disadvantage. Individuals who are endowed with an exciting help to the imagination in the shape of a strong alliance of the perceptive and associative faculty, will certainly indulge in rambling trains of thought very difficult to justify to the strict utilitarian. But the afflicted ones will console themselves with the reflection that they are only using the powers which Providence seems to have given them, and will accept the pleasure which their musings afford as evidence of the truth of their presumption. These thoughts are put in motion for a very small consideration; for instance, a long train will start, and accomplish an eventful journey upon no greater inducement than the sight of a sign, on the way to college, "Store and Fixtures for Sale."

It is certainly not the novelty of such an announcement that excites attention. It may be seen every day, and almost everywhere:—in Market street, printed in large black letter, and originating the inquiry whether the owner has made a fortune and wishes to retire, or whether commercial difficulties demand a summary settlement with creditors:—in Chestnut street, where the words have been written in a highly ornate style by a writing master, and upon which we think it likely the storekeeper has found Chestnut street rents too oppressive for his trade:—in grocery stores down town, often with the accompaniment of a red flag at the door, and where the appearance of the proprietor seems to intimate that an adherence to the principles of Father Matthew would have obviated the necessity for any such announcement. But none of these characteristics belong to the notice which we have seen on the way to college in the morning. It is written carefully and distinctly, but evidently by an unpracticed hand, on a piece of blue letter-paper, and is fastened against the window-pane with pieces of wafer. It provokes an inquiring glance at the "store and fixtures" alluded to. We find a small frame house, allowed to linger beyond the

demolition of its compeers, and now surrounded by pretentious brick residences. The window displays a shelf of needles, pins, tape, and quite a number of other articles, yet of so small an aggregate that we involuntarily gain the impression that they have been made to cover as much space as possible. To the thoughtless, the idea of dignifying such an establishment with the title of "store" would be ludicrous; and the additional claim of "fixtures" would provoke loud laughter. But with us, a train of thought has begun to move with an impressive solemnity which forbids mirth. We catch merely a glance of a woman in mourning, as we pass by. Even fancy, cold as she is, deliberates a moment about the precise manner in which so meager an outline shall be filled up. But it is only for a moment. A young mechanic, with hopeful prospects, and confident in his energy, has attained the consummation towards which he has so long and manfully labored, and has led the choice of his heart to a new home. Three or four years have smiled upon their mutual thrift, and two new voices have been heard, widening and deepening the father's purposes of provision and comfort for his family. But from the scene of his daily toil he is borne, one sad

morning, a mangled corpse. The wild grief of the wife, the bitter desolation which fills her heart, cannot be painted, even by fancy. Sorrow hangs around her for days, a cloud so dark and heavy as to shut out the consideration of any earthly object. As it slowly breaks away, her first look beyond it encounters the question of means of livelihood. The friends she has are rather beneath than above her own ability, and can aid her only by their counsel. With sad sympathy they gather as a committee of conference. The amount of a husband's carefully kept savings is considered sufficient to afford some choice of investment, and to preclude the necessity for that unceasing breathless struggle for life which crushes so many bereaved ones. The proposal that a small store shall be stocked is received with acclamation. It will admit of the aid of her needle, and leave time for necessary attention to her little household. The very desirable location of the frame house is at once mentioned, and the prospect of a thriving business from the many surrounding residences is largely dwelt upon. Each one adds an encouraging suggestion, and in the confident enthusiasm of success, the widow for a moment forgets her grief. Not one can see

a ground of fear. Alas! they are kind friends, but not deep philosophers. They do not think of the vast number of others, grasping and active, who will draw away from the quiet widow so much of her anticipated trade. It does not enter their heads to estimate that subtle power which carries so many with the crowd, even in smallest matters. And now the store, established a year ago with so much thought, every cent expended with deliberation, not a spool placed without a calculation of its best effect, is a sad failure. Except where considerate benevolence has dictated timely purchases, the neighbors have sent for thread and needles only on rainy days or in hasty exigencies when it was not convenient to go shopping. Now that we think of it, although we pass there every day, we never saw any one entering the store. The tape has become soiled and dusty, and the pink papers of the pins have faded almost white. As her dependence has been more and more upon her needle, the widow has grown more pale and thin. The committee of conference has again assembled, with graver faces and fewer words. It conceded that the rent of the store can no longer be borne, and they write for her window, "Store and fixtures for sale." She must

look forward to a single room, to closer economy and more steady application for her children. O! treacherous fancy! did not we speak, at the beginning, of the pleasure of thy musings? Wilt thou not say rather that there has just come, opportunely, the offer of a desirable situation? and that, as the housekeeper of a great mansion, the widow provides for herself and children a comfortable and honorable home? It is even so.

THE BEAUTIES OF SPENSER.

It is the fire of genius only that gives life to everything admirable. All departments of human art give evidence of the truth; but it is most clearly and extensively apparent in literature, whose pages without it are blank as the leaden storm-sky, and with it, are sparkling as the clear starry firmament. Although we are conscious of its presence intuitively, and not by a process of analysis, or by tangible and determinate marks, yet, in the works of a master-mind we notice at least this peculiarity: there drop from his pen continually, and as it were involuntarily, marvelous expressions of wisdom and inimitable strokes of wit, in the midst of simplest narrative and description; so that we pause in pleased surprise at the accurate enunciation of our own dim and unspoken thoughts, and the faithful painting of the

deep recesses of our heart. How often do we thus stop over the pages of the great names of classic Greece and Rome! How affectionately over "our father Chaucer!" How continually over Bacon! How pre-eminently over Shakspeare and Burns!

Amidst this brilliant galaxy, Spenser shines with no obscure or uncertain light. Borne gently along over his melodious and stately stanzas, we come, in the midst of gorgeous description, upon a profound reflection or a startling moral truth, with the feeling of a traveler, who, in a wide verdant expanse, discovers a brilliant and fragrant flower; or the seeker of gold who unexpectedly finds a diamond; or the astronomer who, sweeping the heavens in observation of fixed stars, detects a new planet: not that the moving grass, or the gold, or the stars have lost any of their intrinsic beauty and value, but the flower, the gem and the planet give all the pleasurable excitement of contrast and novelty. Spenser does not present us with the plainness of allegory, nor the multiplicity of personification which we find in Bunyan, preferring, with a more delicate subtlety, to draw the parallel bold and broad, that his readers may be gratified with their own discoveries.

Opening the first canto of his "*Faerie Queene*," we come from time to time upon expressive evidences of his power. The Red Cross Knight loses his way and wanders into the den of error. Receiving the onset of the hideous monster with unflinching courage, he deals her a blow into which he has put all his knightly strength.

"Much daunted with that dint her sense was dazed;
Yet kindling rage herself she gathered round,
And all at once her beastly body raised
With doubled forces high above the ground;
Then wrapping up her wreathed stern around,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge train
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stir he strove in vain.
God help the man so wrapped in error's endless chain."

In the unprovoked attack of the monster, the knight has relied, with honest confidence, upon his strength and valor; but he has to learn, as many since his day have slowly and painfully learned, that these are not the only requisites to combat error. A single line from the lips of the gentle Una, enunciates the great truth of the insufficiency of merely human means in the assertion of right.

"His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cried out, now, now, sir knight show what ye be;
Add *faith* unto your force and be not faint—
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.
That, when he heard, in great perplexity,
His gall did grate for grief and high disdain;
And knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he gript her gorge with so great pain,
That soon to loose her wicked bands did her constrain."

Not less beautiful and pleasing is the lesson that a truly noble strength exerts itself in behalf of trusting weakness, and that power is, of right, the guardian of innocence. The Lady Una is lost in the forest.

"It fortuned out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood;
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender corse;
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force."

"Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O! how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!"

How quickly do we forget, in present safety and happiness, the long-continued troubles and disappointments of the past. Spenser has tenderly put it in a line. The counterfeit St. George has deceived the eyes and heart of the Lady Una, and she receives readily the explanations of his long desertion.

"His lovely words seemed her due recompense
Of all her passed pains; one loving hour
For many years of sorrow can dispense:
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour."

A passage of unsurpassed force and expressiveness occurs in the scene of the Red Cross Knight in the cave of Despair. The monster has stated with most awful and insidious power, the argument for suicide, and proceeds now to consummate the ruin of the trembling knight.

"He brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bid him choose what death he would desire:
For death was due to him that had provoked God's ire."

"But when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharp and keen,
And gave it him in hand; his hand did quake
And tremble like a leaf of aspen green,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seen,
To come and go with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been."

But to glance at the beauties of even a single canto would be a work of hours. We may be sure that the majestic verses of Spenser will never be neglected by the lover of the poetic and the admirer of true genius.

While at the University, Mr. Sailer was occupied a part of the day at the counting room, and was an active member of the church, a teacher in the Sunday-school, visiting and preaching to the sick and the poor, and at times assisting Dr. Brainerd in the duties of the pulpit, and upon some occasions making addresses in his place.

The following passages, taken from "The Life of the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, by E. Brainerd, 1860," contains a deserved tribute to Mr. Sailer's character, and is deemed necessary to complete the sketch of his labors:

"About the year 1860 a few young men of Dr. Brainerd's Church established a Sabbath-school in the vicinity of the Navy Yard, naming it 'The Brainerd Mission School.' Mr. Randolph Sailer was the originator, and the moving spirit of the enterprise, and carried it forward with great energy and skill. The school was held in the hall

of one of the fire companies, until the room became entirely too small for its operations. Mr. Sailer then matured a project for building a fine large chapel in Greenwich street, suitable for religious services, in a neighborhood where such an influence was greatly needed. The money was secured by his efforts; a tasteful building erected at a cost of $12,000, and paid for, and the new chapel was dedicated on the 14th of January, 1866.

"Dr. Brainerd officiated at the dedication. Preaching was held in the chapel every Sabbath evening to large and attentive congregations from the time of its completion.

"The following year (1867) the enterprise grew into a self-sustaining church, under the title of 'The Greenwich Street Church.'" The Rev. Mr. Hutton was chosen Pastor, and Randolph Sailer elected an Elder. Mr. Sailer was a graduate of Union Theological Seminary in 1860, but he was compelled to relinquish his cherished purpose of preaching on account of a serious affection of his eyes. Had he foreseen the shortness of his life service, he could not better have appropriated it than in planting a Christian Church where the Gospel, which he was not allowed himself to preach, should be faithfully proclaimed by other

men. Mr. Sailer followed his beloved pastor to the upper Sanctuary in just three years from the dedication of his favorite '*Mission Chapel.*' He was a young man of fine talents, of uncommon executive power, and of most consistent and symmetrical piety."

This period of his life shines out in wondrous brilliancy, even from the bright surroundings of future years. How great must have been his industry to accomplish so much, and with what precision and regularity he must have lived; each hour had its duty. The mind could scarcely have had a moment's rest; the physical labor also was great, the expansive and restless mind continually urging the body on to assist in carrying out his great object of life, the aim which he ever had in view, that of "doing good to others." The following letters to an intimate friend in Boston, give some account of his duties at this time:

PHILADELPHIA, April 3d, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Your long expected and very welcome favor of 9th ult. reached me in due course. I cannot say that I thought myself entirely forgotten, but concluded that my last had miscarried, or that my

Boston friend was *very* "diligent in business." Your explanation, however, made the matter clear, and I forgot all disappointment in the distinguished pleasure with which I perused the varied contents of your letter.

A week ago we finished our second term at the University, which had been for me three months of very close application. The third term begins next Tuesday, and this week is a holiday. You can imagine how I enjoy it, for although I am on duty at the counting-house, the work is not laborious, and I come and go at my pleasure. The want of time for the past three months, however, obliged me to defer so many things unto this holiday that I am as busy as ever, although much more agreeably.

I am very glad to note your expression of interest in this "land of your exile," and trust that it will remain in sufficient strength to insure us the favor of a visit at some early day. If you knew what delightful spring weather we have had for a few days, I think you would long to be here. I walked out yesterday without an overcoat, feeling almost rejuvenated by the clear sky and balmy air. As to the "intrusion" of your letters, trust my candor to remind you when our correspon-

dence becomes inconvenient, and until then do not deprive me of the enjoyment of this highly valued privilege.

For your friendly interest in my studies and my health, I am again indebted. Strange as it may seem, I think I have enjoyed better health during the period of my hardest study than for a long time before. I weigh more than I have ever done, and upon meeting with those friends whom I have not seen for several months, I am continually flattered with the assurance that I am "looking very well." I attribute it to the regularity of habits which attendance and study at college impose, with the exercise of walking to and from the counting-house almost every day. It is true that while at the block-board upon a demonstration in mechanics, a few weeks since, I fainted and would have fallen had I not been caught, and that the Professor supposed it to result from too severe study; but I attribute it to a temporary disarrangement of the digestive functions. It soon passed away, and I felt no bad effects from it. The visit to our physician, which I thought of making, was never made,—I suppose because I never was decided enough about it to fix a time for going,—and the causes which had prompted

me to think of it, seemed to pass away. I have no doubt, however, that I would have done well to have gone and may still do so.

I notice that "seventy-three days of uninterrupted sleighing," with lectures and concerts, are supposed to make "a hard winter for studying," and have not the least doubt that it is so, but I think no one has better earned these recreations than yourself.

Your quotation of John Newton's saying, and your comments upon it, exactly accord with convictions which have been forced upon my own mind. The first impulse of a watchful Christian is doubtless to avoid *entirely* scenes in which he finds his devotion weakened, and the zeal and effort for Christ's kingdom in the world, tacitly checked; and perhaps it was such a feeling, not combatted by clearer reason and revelation, which led to the renunciation of *all* society, to cells and cloisters, with all their evils. But I clearly agree with you that human society is of God's appointment,—that no one may rightfully shrink from his allotted part in it, and that in this, as in all things, we are bound to do all to the glory of God. In a few instances during the past winter, in which I have made one at social gatherings, it

has been my grief that this principle, although acknowledged, has been so neglected, or its execution so feebly attempted by me. When it is clearly foreseen that in any case it will be practically impossible to maintain Christian consistency, I hardly think we are justified in going into temptation so likely to end in discomfiture; but where social intercourse is innocent and healthful in itself, I think it is incumbent upon Christians to add to it the power of their influence for good. Do you agree with me? "The Brainerd Society" is flourishing, and I trust it is exercising a good influence.

Your favor of the 14th ult., with the Bible questions, reached me a few days after its "illustrious predecessor." I trust that I appreciate your kindness in taking this trouble, and that it will be placed among other cherished remembrances. With your description of the class, its organization and the questions, I have been much interested. How I would delight in the leisure and opportunity for such study! In glancing at the subjects, and considering what treasures of wisdom and knowledge they involve, I have a feeling like that of the miser who has a large inheritance in anticipation. Those which you have

designated as most interesting to yourself are those which strike my own mind most favorably. The comparison of the Mosaic account with the discoveries and theories of modern geology, which has always been of interest to me, I presume was included under the head of the "Creation" at your first meeting. The question of the origin of language is one which I would be glad to hear ably discussed. We have been lately studying Trench at college, who examines the theories and decides that Adam was gifted only with the *power to form a language*, and that his vocabulary was formed gradually, according to his wants. I would take much interest also in studying what bearing the histories of India and China, their religions, etc., have upon Bible History. Did "the division of the earth among the sons of Noah" lead you into Ethnology? It is a science very much developed of late, being greatly assisted by research into languages; and our Greek Professor told us not long since, that all the results wonderfully illustrate and confirm the Bible account. But amidst such an excellent and comprehensive selection of subjects, it would be invidious to particularize. I sincerely congratulate

you upon the choice of so excellent a course of study.

I have cheering news to send you. For a long time past, as you probably know, and up to the present winter, it was a general complaint that all our churches were cold and lifeless, and that very few were coming up to the help of the Lord. On the first Monday of January, as customary, N. S. Presbyterians held prayer-meetings morning, afternoon and evening. They were very solemn exercises, and at the evening meeting, which I attended, the Holy Spirit seemed to melt many hearts. Just before adjournment, Dr. Brainerd proposed that union prayer meetings of the churches be held every Monday evening in our various churches by turn, which was acceded to and the plan heartily carried out. They were fully attended, and the Spirit seemed to be given in answer to earnest prayer. All the congregations seemed to feel the change. In "Old Pine Street," meetings were soon held for three or four evenings in the week, and this continued five or six weeks, before and after our last communion. The lecture-room was crowded, and I have never known more solemn meetings. At the communion forty-three persons joined on profession, and

twenty or thirty more have conversed with Dr. Brainerd on the subject of their salvation. Our hearts are filled with thankfulness, and we call upon you to rejoice with them that do rejoice. Everything seems to have received a new impulse. In the Sunday-school we are encouraged, and there is every aspect of prosperity.

When I received from you "Closet Hours" and had read one chapter, it appeared to me the very book to put into the hand of an intimate friend about commencing a religious life. I did not receive it back for some time, but have lately occupied the little leisure of the Sabbath in reading it. I finished it last Sunday, and have rarely perused a book with so much satisfaction. I concluded almost every chapter with a feeling that I must read it over again and not allow any of it to pass out of mind. "The Unity of the Church" particularly impressed me. It is another of the many valued privileges which are associated with the name of my Christian brother in Boston.

This friend writes as follows of his dear friend Randolph Sailer:—"He was so well known among you that it would be emphatically a work of

supererogation for me to say he was good, true, noble, earnest, faithful, loving, strong, manly, firm and brave; aside from the qualities I have named, if I should mention any distinguishing characteristic of Randolph's character, I should say he was eminent for strict devotion to principle, in opposition to inclination; he was unselfish to an unusual degree; his piety was not merely a good-natured regard for conventionality and loving of one's neighbor; he seemed to know God, and acted, therefore, from a constant sense of His presence. Few Christians have so abiding a source of dependence in God, direct and absolute, as he had. He did not compare his standard with that of other people so much as with God's own view. And here he was inexorable. Charitable to others, he was severe on himself; and his Christian safe walking, and his useful life were largely owing to this characteristic."

Mr. Sailer graduated with honors at the University in July, 1857, and entered the Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., September 7th, the same year. The class of which he was a member numbered nearly fifty students, and he seemed quite at home in the Seminary; for many years he had

looked forward yearning for the time when he would be a preacher of the Gospel, and now that he had entered upon his professional studies, and daily mingled with those who were of like mind, and had in view the same object, his mind and heart seemed at rest. Here, as at the University, he was a diligent student; although his class was large, composed of able men, many of whom have since distinguished themselves, none were more conscientious in their studies, none better prepared for the recitation room than he; he was noted for his clear, rapid analysis, chaste language and elegant phraseology. As an evidence of the esteem in which he was held as a metaphysician and moralist, he was appointed by Prof. H. B. Smith to write a review of Edward's profound work on the nature of Virtue; this he wrote to the great satisfaction of his preceptor. He was also regarded in the Seminary as a good speaker, being selected by his class to represent them at a public rhetorical exercise, and delivered the address assigned him with great force and beauty.

The following extracts from his letters to a favorite lady cousin, will convey some account of his life at this time:

Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., Oct. 20th, 1857.

Dear Cousin:

I have been promising myself for some time the pleasure of writing you, but it is not until this morning that I have had a convenient opportunity. As they have written me from home that you have paid them a few minutes' visit since my departure, you have doubtless heard something of my situation here, and my first impressions of New York. My separation from home (which I felt far more deeply than I expected), and my arrival in a great city where I was entirely unacquainted, combined to make everything appear very gloomy and distasteful, but when our studies were fairly commenced, and I had made a few acquaintances, I became quite contented. I missed, and do still miss, a great many of the conveniences of home, but it has the advantage of obliging me to learn a great deal that is useful, which I should not otherwise have acquired. The students have the entire charge of their sleeping and sitting-rooms, including making beds, sweeping, dusting, etc. I flatter myself that I already manifest considerable proficiency in these duties, and if you will come to New York, I shall be happy to submit

my performances to your critical inspection. Yesterday afternoon my room-mate was obliged to leave unexpectedly, to stay a week or ten days in Connecticut, and this morning I was left alone to make my first attempt at kindling a fire in a stove. It took me about an hour to get it into successful operation, but I shall know better next time. My room-mate and myself are on the most friendly terms, but I do not think there is much congeniality between us, and I feel often a restless and unsatisfied longing for human fellowship and sympathy. I strive to reach that height of communion with God in which I can say, "All my springs are in Thee," and "There is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee," but I find human weakness and imperfection, and the sinful habitudes of life, very difficult to overcome.

With the professors and students of the Seminary, and all its studies and rules, I am very well pleased. I thought that I knew some little of the Bible, having always found pleasure in its study, but I realize now that I am just beginning to learn. I often think how much you would be interested in our translations from the Greek, and all our explanations and exercises upon it, although I think you are already an excellent stu-

dent in the Scriptures. The only really hard work we have here is the study of the Hebrew language, which requires close application. The distractions of furnishing, house-keeping, etc., have prevented me, thus far, from devoting myself to reading and study with that regularity and system which I desire to practice, but I expect soon to make such arrangements.

A few evenings since I went to hear the anniversary sermon of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, by Bishop Johns, of Virginia, and soon afterwards I went to a meeting at your Board of Missions, and heard addresses from Bishop Lee, of Iowa, Bishop Kip, of California, Dr. Stevens, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Tyng, of New York. I had previously heard Dr. Tyng make a missionary address in one of our Presbyterian churches here. I had a letter of introduction to Rev. Mr. Wiley, formerly in Philadelphia. He received me very cordially, and I promise myself much pleasure in his acquaintance. I think you will recollect Rev. Mr. Clark, also, formerly at Church of the Advent, Philadelphia. I heard him preach on last Sabbath at Elizabethtown, where I had stayed from Saturday evening until Monday. Although I had an exceedingly pleasant visit

there, and felt almost like leaving home when I came away, I found, as I think I have mentioned to you before, that it is very difficult to pass a profitable Sabbath away from one's home, unless it be under very favorable circumstances. Hereafter I expect to be so engaged in a Sabbath-school that I shall not be willing to be away from it; and having now heard several of the preachers of New York, I intend at once to connect myself with Dr. Parker's Church,—not because it is the most eligible, but because, being more of a new and struggling church than some of its rich and fashionable neighbors, it will afford me more opportunity for work.

Although only Presbyterian doctrine and government are taught in our Seminary, it is open to students of all other denominations; and besides Presbyterians, we have a great many Congregationalists, several Baptists, two or three Episcopalians. Students of other sects are drawn here by the excellence of the Biblical instruction, all our professors having a high reputation. A city like New York also affords opportunity for a student to earn sufficient money to support himself, at the same time that he pursues his studies, by teaching an hour or two every day, or something

of that kind. I ought to say also that life in New York presents many and peculiar temptations. It is necessary that we should continually call our minds back to the contemplation of the great object to which we have consecrated our lives, and to guide the whole disposition of our time with an eye single to the glory of God. The religious privileges here are great and numerous, and it is our own fault if they are not means of grace to us.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, N. Y., Jan, 19th, 1858.

MY DEAR COUSIN:

* * * *

I hope that you will really have a chance to inspect my housekeeping while I am in New York. If you should pay another visit to Morristown, New York would be very accessible from there, and I hope that you will be able to prove it so. I ought to say, however, that we have lately found house-keeping to be so much of a burden and interruption, that we have engaged a man, who attends to the fire, brings up coal and carries down ashes, and sweeps our room twice a

week. This being the case, you will *of course* not expect to find things in quite so neat order as when I had charge of them *myself.*

I was interested in your account of the course of lectures in Moorestown, and think that you do well to attend them. I have heard both President Allen and Rev. Thomas Street; the latter is pastor of one of the churches of our denomination in Philadelphia, and is a very useful and successful preacher. The contrast which you mention between the crowded lecture-room and the small number at evening church, is certainly a sad one, but must be expected for some time yet, I fear, in this world. Your consequent reflection upon the neglected responsibility of Christ's professed followers, is, I think, the most appropriate one; for it is certain that the languishing of Christianity is not on account of God's disposition towards the world, but on account of the want of faith and zeal in his people. I feel deeply my own unworthiness, and how little I appreciate the worth of perishing souls. It seems only fitfully and imperfectly that I realize the pressing urgency of the work which Christ has left to his disciples; but when we consider that many who are near and dear to us are still unreconciled to

God, and are liable at any moment to be called away to a final account of their slighted opportunities, how can we fail to draw as near as possible to our Saviour, and wrestle with him for a blessing, not only upon ourselves, but upon others! It is this solemn and often anxious thought which excites in me the most earnest and prayerful yearning. O! that we may be *really* joined to Christ, and secure his intercession when we plead. Let our mutual prayers ascend for our steadfastness, and continual growth in grace.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, N. Y., Nov. 9th, 1858.

MY DEAR COUSIN:

Ever since I returned to the Seminary in September, I have been promising myself the pleasure of writing to you again, but the pressure of regular duties has thus far been so much greater than last term, that I have been unable to command the time. The diminution of correspondence to which I have been subjected on this account is, for myself at least, quite a deprivation, but I feel confident of your approval of such a motto as "duty before pleasure."

In almost every respect I may say that I am more pleasantly situated than I was last year. My room-mate last year was one whom I had not known before, and I was obliged to take my chance; he was moreover not in the same class with me, and in other respects we were a good deal unlike. But this year my chum is one of my own choice, of very congenial tastes and temperament, and of such high-toned and sterling excellence, that I can both respect and love him. Then, being in the same class, we are able to study and read a good deal in concert, which is not only mutually advantageous for comparison of ideas and interchange of information, but also effects a saving of eyesight, without loss of time,—his eyes being affected very similarly to mine. He has said that he expects to be benefited from rooming with me, by the example of more strict habits of method and system than he has hitherto cultivated; but I consider that gain to be very small in comparison with that which I expect to derive from the influence of his superior qualities of disposition and heart. We live together very harmoniously, and when he has occasionally been obliged to go away for a day or two, I have felt the separation keenly. I ought to have said be-

fore that his name is Eldridge Mix, and that his home is in Atwater, Ohio.

The burdens of house-keeping of which I complained so much last year, are happily arranged so as to be much less troublesome now. My washerwoman pays attention to all my mending, and, moreover, comes once a week to give our rooms a thorough cleaning. (No doubt my very neat cousin thinks it ought to be much oftener, but even this is quite a high standard for students.) We have also a man engaged to attend to our fire every morning, and bring up our coal.

The studies of this term are considerably different from the last. Instead of spending four days in the week wearying over the intricacies of Hebrew Grammar, that branch is reduced to two days, which are spent principally in reading the Hebrew Bible. We have finished the book of Joel, and are now engaged upon Judges. It is quite interesting. In the Greek Testament, having finished last year the Gospels, we now take a part of Acts, and then the Epistles of Paul in their chronological order, which shows in a remarkable manner the advance of the Apostle from "milk" to "strong meat,"—at least in his subjects. The first letters he wrote were those to the Thessalo-

nians, written from Corinth (Acts xviii, 1); and next the letter to the Galatians, written when he had returned from his second missionary journey to Ephesus (Acts xix, 1 and 10). The manner in which we study these, comparing the dates when they were with the corresponding time in Acts (so far as the dates can be ascertained), gives a new interest to the whole subject. Our lectures in History this term include only the life of Christ, and the Church under the Apostles,—that is, to the close of the first century. The principal feature of our studies, and that which is of most importance in my eyes, is the course of lectures on Doctrinal Theology, to which we devote the greater part of this term. Our professor inspires entire confidence, and his arrangement and treatment of the innumerable subjects which come up under the head of Theology, strikes me, at least, as very masterly. The great central truth of Christianity, around which he arranges harmoniously all the other parts of his system, is "an incarnation in order to a redemption." I have never been so much struck with the sublimity of the great doctrines of grace. One of Dr. Smith's plans for giving his students a greater knowledge and familiarity with the subjects upon which he is lec-

turing, is to require them to write essays on the same subjects every week. In these, they may express their own views as freely as they please; and after an essay is read, the other students criticise it, Dr. Smith himself being present for appeal and correction. I read my essay a few weeks since. The subject assigned me was "Objections to Predestination." I have written thus freely to you of these things because I thought you would perhaps be interested in them, although I hardly suppose that anybody else would.

We have been already favored this year with the visits and addresses of several foreign missionaries, and the interest of the subject so far from diminishing, seems rather to increase. One of the most interesting men I have seen for a long time was Mr. Meigs, of Ceylon, who has been a missionary to India for forty-two years,—longer than any other person now in the service of the American Board of Foreign Missions. The whole of his address contained valuable information, but there was one point which I thought of special importance. You know it is common with people of the world, and sometimes even with professors of religion who oppose foreign missions, to ask incredulously, "Will all the heathen be eter-

nally punished merely because they have not heard the Gospel? Will not those be saved who are doing the best they can, and trying to save themselves?" And in connection with these questions they cite cases of earnest and devout pagans, without the Gospel. Mr. Meigs said that he was present at a large meeting of missionaries in Madras, where these questions were discussed. His own remark was that without pretending to decide the question whether, *if* there were such heathen, they might not be saved, he would say that after having lived forty-two years in India, during which he had become familiar with all classes of the people, and had been particularly on the watch for such characters as had been cited, he had *never* been able to find *one.* They had been all, without exception, deliberately and *consciously* wicked, and it is for this disobedience to the law of their own consciences that they will be rightfully condemned. He gave a graphic account of the universal depravity of the people, among whom, nevertheless, the success of the Gospel is very encouraging. We have had also two or three addresses from Mr. Vrooman, for five years a missionary to China, and now about to return. He gave a great deal of new information, and antici-

pated a glorious future in China in view of the recent events there.

In our lectures on the life of Christ the other day, the question of the motive of Judas for the betrayal, came up. There are three opinions about it: First, that of covetousness; but it is argued that if it had been the desire of money, the traitor would certainly have demanded more than fifteen dollars for the betrayal of one who was so dreaded by the priests and rulers. Second, that it was gradually developed hostility, which was brought to a crisis by Jesus' rebuke at Bethany (Matt. xxvi, 8–16). Third, which is advocated by some prominent theologians, is, that it was caused by Judas' wavering faith in Christ's Messiahship, which made him anxious to hurry the solution. If Christ was an impostor, then his betrayal by the hands of his Apostles would bring it to light. But if he *was* the Messiah, and his kingdom, as Judas no doubt supposed, was to be a temporal one, then Christ would be compelled to set it up at once. Our professor thought that a combination of the second and third opinions seemed to answer best the indications of the Scripture. He spoke forcibly of the great use which the case of Judas is to Christianity.

So far as the increase of intellectual knowledge is concerned, a student here could scarcely escape that; but I feel more deeply impressed than ever that there must be vigor and growth of sanctification in the heart, or everything else is useless. Since my return, I am grateful to believe that the abundant opportunities here for cultivating the growth of grace in the soul have not been entirely lost; yet I am often oppressed with the thought of my barrenness. I earnestly ask your sympathy and prayers, for although there be not much of outward temptation here, yet the power of remaining inward depravity is often very manifest. My anxiety for the best welfare of those who are near and dear to me is undiminished, and I long to exert a stronger influence than my feeble efforts have thus far had. Let us be importunate in prayer for one another in this behalf; and let our words and examples show the sincerity and fervency of our desires.

Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., Dec. 7th, 1858.

Dear Cousin:

* * * I am much obliged for your congratulation on my pleasant companionship here, for which I continue to be thankful. In some recent overcloudings of my sky, I have tested the value of sympathy in such a chum as I have; and although I have felt deeply that it is only when our minds are stayed on *Him* that we have perfect peace, yet close fellowship with one like-minded, to whom we can speak of both trials and their solace, is a comfort and a blessing inexpressible. * * * * * * *

Last Friday, the Rev. Mr. Collyer, of Freehold, N. J., being obliged to remain in New York until Monday, came to ask my chum to go down and preach for him; but when he was obliged to decline, Mr. C. asked me to go. I should have been glad to do so, if I had had a sermon written; but the pressure of other duties this term has prevented me from preparing *one at least* as I had fully intended. Nevertheless, I spent the Sabbath in active evangelical labor, although not so formal as regular preaching. You perhaps know that Blackwell's Island is in the East River, op-

posite the northern part of New York, and that a number of the public institutions are built on it. The chaplain is always desirous to have our students come over and assist him, and last Sabbath I went with my friend Moore. Three or four other gentlemen went over to assist, and as soon as we arrived the chaplain distributed us to the different institutions. I went with a Baptist brother up to the lunatic asylum. A congregation of about two hundred men and women was gathered; my associate preached to them, and I made a short address, to which they were all deeply attentive, and some affected to tears. Of course only those who were quiet and able in some degree to understand, were brought together, and yet it was very sad to look at them. I was next sent alone to one department of the female hospital, where I read from the Bible, spoke and offered prayer in two large rooms or wards. They were filled by long ranges of low beds; some of the women were dressed and sitting up, but most of them lay in bed. They all gave strictest attention and seemed impressed. I was next sent with an old gentleman to the chapel of the Almshouse, where we had a regular service, and each of us made addresses. Then I rejoined my friend Moore,

who had been talking to the women in the Penitentiary, and we got home about five. It was unpleasant on account of the rain and mud, but I enjoyed it highly, and shall go again when I have opportunity. There is much encouragement to labor, even among these outcasts.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, N. Y., March 5th, 1859.

I felt very deeply, my dear cousin, your words of aspiration, and encouragement and hope, in view of our privileges as Christians. I have never been led to contemplate them more solemnly than within a few weeks past, and I trust that I have been aided to a fresh and more unreserved consecration to the cause of our Master. Never before has the gloriousness of working for Him more completely filled my soul, and never have I been more desirous to fill the brief probation allotted me on earth in spending and being spent in such a service. The prospect of being thus made use of, has raised me from deep depression, and supported me in sorrow; and I pray earnestly that I may be kept in such a spirit for all my work on earth, whenever God shall be pleased to assign it to me.

In chastening and in the strengthening and renewal of Christian purpose, I have recurred often to my opportunities of Christian communion with you, and have wished to be encouraged again by your elevated devotedness. Should you not receive it as a rightful tribute, and one that should animate you thankfully to renewed exertion, that aspirations for a higher holiness and more complete sanctification, suggest the words of such friends as you? Such a temper of mind I think is a significant and useful test of the influence of others. I ask your continued prayers; for my bright prospect of hope is often obscured by clouds of gloom and temptation, and I may not for a moment intermit the conflict with sin. Yet we should be ever confident, for lives hid in Christ are ever safe against all foes.

Our studies here are as interesting and absorbing as ever. I think I mentioned to you the plan adopted by our Professor of Theology, of requiring essays from the students upon the subjects of his lectures, which are read before the class and then discussed. He assigned one to me a few weeks ago, and its preparation took all the time I could spare from my regular duties. I was consequently obliged to reduce my letter-writing to

the smallest possible amount; but having finished the essay last week, I have taken the earliest opportunity to reply to a number of letters which have been received in the meantime and remained unanswered.

In our Greek Testament, having finished first and second Thessalonians and Galatians, we are now almost through first Corinthians. I have found it very instructive and satisfactory. In the Hebrew Bible we have been reading for some time Isaiah, which is very hard work. Dr. Skinner gives us lectures on Pastoral Theology, Prayer, etc. If I thought it would do you any good, I would give you his conclusive arguments against the use of liturgies; but on the whole, you will probably do quite as well without knowing them —although I hardly think that every one does. In our systematic Theology, Dr. Smith has most lately been treating, in a most interesting manner, of the temptation, fall and depravity of man. Doubtless, in thinking upon these doctrines, your mind has started many puzzling inquiries, but I do not believe you have imagined one-half the curious objections and questions to which they have given rise. Some of these mysteries, of course, are above reason, but so far as they can be

L of C.

known, we must of course learn them in order to answer doubts. They are not discussed as bare dry doctrines, but as having a vital connection with the proper presentation of the truth, so that it shall be most effective upon the minds of sinful men.

My Sabbath-school class consists now of seven boys. I have been much discouraged in my attempts to teach them, but of late have felt renewed responsibility and interest, and see the need of thoughtfulness and prayer in my preparation. O! that the Holy Spirit would take some word of their instruction and make it of saving power upon their youthful hearts, so that even now they might become the children of God, in an everlasting covenant. I recollect the privilege accorded me, when in Moorestown, of having your model class, and will be very happy indeed to return the compliment, if you will come to New York.

Connected with Dr. Parker's Church is a Mission Sabbath-school in a distant section of the city. The children, of course, are of a poor class, and their parents are among those who do not often hear the preaching of the Gospel. These people are invited to come every Thursday evening and every Sabbath evening to a religious meet-

ing held purposely for their benefit. I have lately been made one of those who take charge of the meetings on Sabbath evenings, and I trust that much good may be accomplished in that comparatively heathen neighborhood. When there are hundreds and thousands living in this city, crowded with churches, who can scarcely be persuaded to listen to the Gospel, let us not wonder that heathen nations, more wicked and infinitely more ignorant, are only slowly subdued. Yet in both cases, there is great encouragement, and the word of God vindicates its power as the conquering sword of the Spirit. Only more effort is needed. I am tired of the comparatively stagnant Christianity of our day, and long for the return of the apostolic days, when not only the Apostles, but all Christians "went everywhere preaching the word." I confess with deep humility, that there is no one who has less right to speak thus than myself, for I am conscious of most inexcusable neglect and unfaithfulness.

The subject of foreign missions continues to grow in interest. Some discussions which we have had upon it in our Seminary prayer meetings, have been deeply impressive, in view of many recent facts as presented by professors and stu-

dents. But on this subject I could talk to you better than write.

You have perhaps heard of the preaching which is established every Sabbath evening in the Opera House here. I have attended several times, and I think you would rejoice to see an audience of four or five thousand people, many of them being of that class who would scarcely attend regular church services, gathered together to hear the plainest and most urgent presentation of the Gospel.

The following letter to a sister, also gives some account of his duties:

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, N. Y., March 1st, 1858.

MY DEAR SISTER:

* * * I am just now unusually busy; on Wednesday afternoon I am to deliver my essay on the Pleasure of Receiving Letters, and the same evening I must be prepared to take a leading part in the debate. Next Wednesday evening I must have another essay (not yet begun) for our Rhetorical Society, and soon after that our Pro-

fessor of Theology requires from me a dissertation on "Atheism: the Causes of it." In addition to these, there is a prospect that I shall be called upon to make an address in Dr. Parker's Church, on the occasion of our next Sunday-school anniversary, so you see that I have my hands full, but it is very good practice.

* * * * * * * *

My studies have continued to grow in interest, and even the Hebrew, which was at first so difficult and obscure, I now study with zest. It is very laborious, however, and keeps me closely confined at study four days in the week; the studies of the two other days require less time. In Hebrew, besides learning the grammar, we have translated three or four chapters of Genesis. You will perhaps be interested to know that the greatest Biblical scholars now hold that Moses did not write the early chapters of Genesis *at first hand*, but that he incorporated into his narrative documents which were much more ancient than his time, although, of course, inspired. The first account, for instance, includes the first chapter and three verses of the second; the next begins with the fourth verse and goes to the end of the chapter. This is made clear by the difference of lan-

guage in the original Hebrew, and from other considerations. We continue to read the Greek Harmony of the Gospels, and some of Dr. Robinson's explanations are new and interesting. In systematic Theology we have just made a beginning, and are considering the arguments for the existence of a personal God. You would be surprised at the number and ability of the writers who have disputed this.

AN ESSAY WRITTEN AT THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
MARCH 3d, 1858.

PLEASURES OF THE LETTER.

It has been said that the great movements of God in nature are not utilitarian, but are designed equally to gratify our sense of the beautiful. He made lights in the firmament of heaven, not only "to divide the day from the night, and to be for signs and for seasons, and for days and years," but also that the souls of his creatures might be lost in sublime contemplation of the heavenly host. He giveth rain and fruitful seasons that our barns may be filled with plenty, and that man may be kept alive upon the earth; but no less that ripened fruits and waving harvests might minister pleasure to our senses. The principle extends to the minute details of Divine economy, so that in many things where the hand of Providence is

clearly seen, we hesitate to say whether the useful, or the pleasurable, predominates.

In the marvelous gift of spoken and written language, the Creator provided means seemingly indispensable to the furtherance of his plans among the children of men; but amidst the mighty ends of usefulness which speaking and writing were created to subserve, what innumerable pleasures have been graciously intertwined! What rich delights, as well as grave uses in the letter, for instance, which bridges the miles of distance, and ignores, for a time, the pain of absence.

No one will dispute the claim which the letter makes to a place of dignity and importance in history. Ever since the time when David wrote a letter to Joab and sent it by the hand of Uriah, and the days when Artaxerxes the king granted Nehemiah letters to the governors beyond the river, it has been a potent instrument in the diplomacy of kings and the revolution of empires. And when the most precious mysteries of our faith were to be handed down to the countless generations of centuries, the inspired Apostle indicated at once the mode of the Divine communication and his own fulfillment of the task: "I have written a letter unto you, in few words."

But it is not of these grave uses that we feel qualified to speak. It is of the letter as the familiar and cherished minister to the pleasures of our every-day life. Without pausing to analyze the philosophy of Campbell's assertion that "distance lends enchantment to the view," it will be sufficient here to recognize the truth and widespread application of the principle which it involves. Many inferences conspire to give to the letters of our absent friends a dignity and interest which their merely verbal communications, however important, fail to command; and the writers themselves stand before the mind's vision, through the medium of their written thoughts, with a charm of clearness and perfection which is unknown and unfelt in the familiarity of daily contact. In this, we speak no mere theory; seminary life enables us to bring the assertion to a practical test.

Steady footsteps on every floor and in all the passages, breaking upon the stillness of morning study, announce the arrival of the mail. Study is not so absorbing but that each may listen and calculate the nearness of approach to his own door, and the interruption which brings a letter is counted no annoyance. The mind has been bent

like a bow of steel to the intricacies of Hebrew, or the more perplexing intricacies of Theology; but now the string is thrown off, and the mind turns with a glad rebound to a letter from home.

No post mark was needed to indicate whence it came. It is penned by the hand that upheld our feeblest footsteps, and the direction says "to my son" as clearly as the words within. Who can read without emotion words of sympathy and counsel from a venerated father? The dignity of his manliness fails to suppress the overflowing of his paternal love, and there is an unreserved fullness of communion which we have known but rarely in his presence. He says nothing of the heat and burden of the day, but we know that they fall upon him every hour, and we learn with impressive force a lesson of cheerful labor. His letter is closed, but there are yet a few lines, their lightly touched characters contrasting strangely with the strong bold hand that preceded them. And as we read of some provision for our comfort, or some message of love and remembrance from a mother's hand, whose eyes are not dimmed with tears and whose heart does not swell with renewed and earnest thankfulness for the blessing of such parents? If there had been anything

wanting to the completeness of our consecration, or any flagging in the earnestness of our preparatory work, what earthly stimulus is more powerful than this consciousness of a father's loving expectation and a mother's confiding prayers?

Again the letter is from home, and the recognition of a younger brother's hand crowds the mind with associations of interest. We remember the unclouded thoughtfulness of our boyhood with him, and the school-days when he was both our companion and pupil; and how, as we came first to meet the claims of life, we looked with affectionate solicitude upon him who was to come after us, and prayed that he too might seek a refuge from the world's storm, and a covert from its tempest.

We trembled when the allurements of life seemed to attract his adventurous spirit, and remembered our own temptations; and in all changes and separations, fraternal love asserted its natural prerogative of prayerful guardianship. In his letters, the exuberance and gaiety of youth have *never* displaced affection and confidence, but now we note their marked softening of tone, a pervading seriousness and closer sympathy, a growing respect and interest in holy things, until at last

there comes the confession, as yet too trembling even for a mother's ear, of the awakening soul, the fierce strife of contending emotions, the deep and agonized concern, the faint reluctant hope, the anxious inquiry, the glad fulfillment of all our prayers! We bend in tearful recognition of the goodness of God, and we lift our hearts to Him with a gratitude too big for words. With what prayer and carefulness, what earnest striving to come very near our Saviour, and gain His spirit, do we prepare to send words of joyful encouragement and counsel; and as we turn again, in the radiance of such a mark of mercy from our God, to the studies which are to strengthen us in pressing that mercy upon lost souls, what clearing of ourselves, yea, what fear, yea, what vehement desire, yea, what zeal is wrought in us.

And now there comes a letter whose very appearance provokes an expectant smile. It is from a college chum whose superscription never fails to cover an epistle of liveliest imagery and most luxuriant humor,—the sparkling of intellect and wit. We do not dare to open it until we have closed the ventilator, lest neighboring brethren should be disturbed in their absorbing studies, and before sitting down to its perusal we conceive

it necessary to ask the indulgence of an amiable chum in a few minutes' departure from our wanted stillness. We read, with gradually relaxing features, the characteristic narration of a ludicrous incident, until the ridiculous catastrophe taxes all our risible powers in an uncontrollable and prolonged explosion of mirth. He touches with a master hand the events of our undergraduate experience, so rich in reminiscences of the grotesque, and in spite of ourselves we laugh unrestrainedly, and for the fiftieth time, at the very college joke about which we have been so long trying to feel some contrition. Apt quotations and covert allusions arouse a swarm of memories, and our accumulated merriment finds vent in a succession of paroxysms which emulate the infinite series. We fold the letter with convulsed features and tearful eyes, and not without a due appreciation of the value of such a genial and hearty contribution to animal spirits. But somber reflection tempers our subsiding hilarity. With all the attraction of our friend's manly friendship, and all the charm of his brilliant gaiety, there is a vital omission which presses itself sadly upon us. We reflect that his mental powers and disciplined energies, the gift of the

Infinite One, have never yet bowed in humble allegiance to the Giver; that the countless blessings purchased by the Son of God have not won love and gratitude to the prevailing Intercessor. We lift a renewed prayer for the sovereign interference of the Holy Spirit, and in the light and strength of it, we are able to write earnestly and pleadingly of our Master's claims, and of the joys of His service.

But there are letters with no such void as this. There comes now one which we can read and reread with pleasure unalloyed. He who commenced with us the fight of Christian faith, who shared with us its early hopes and fears, with whom we took sweet counsel in every question of conscience and duty, and by whose genial sympathy we have been ever strengthened, has formed a bond of brotherhood which the closeness of a merely worldly friendship cannot approach. In the first timid and stealthy efforts to prove our faith by our works, as well as in loftiest meditations upon the mysteries of the Unsearchable, he has been ever confidant and companion; and we know that the words which now come to us are the deep soundings of a heart beating not only in kindly affection towards us, but in holy unison

with the impulses of the Spirit of God. Said a friend, writing from a sister school of the prophets, and urging the renewal of an interrupted correspondence: "You know that letter-writing is a means of grace." Who will deny this, that has rejoiced to find his own experience mirrored in the heart of another,—his own temptations met and overcome, his own richest blessings fully shared! Who shall say that there may not and must not be written upon this pleasure, as upon all others, "Holiness to the Lord." The communion of the saints assumes a precious reality and significance when the servants of a common master thus share one another's joys, and bear one another's burdens, so fulfilling the law of Christ.

I must needs stop where my experience ends, and I can but regret that this subject had not fallen into the hands of some other of the brethren qualified to dwell upon the delights of a correspondence in comparison with which the best letters of our male friends are said to be tame and insipid.

Mr. Sailer had passed two years at the Seminary, one more being necessary to complete the Theological course. He had made rapid progress, reading Hebrew with ease, and writing it also; then came the event which, although changing his future occupation, balking him of his heart's desire, yet did not prevent him from carrying out the true longing of his soul, that of doing good to others." His eyes, which had for some time been failing, now gave out entirely. He was obliged to relinquish all study, and seek good medical attendance; consequently he left the Seminary in the autumn of 1859, and was for some time under the care of Dr. Isaac Hayes, the eminent oculist of Philadelphia. But the improvement, so earnestly hoped for by all, did not occur. This affection of the eyes clung to him ever afterwards. Never from that time was he able either to read or write for any length of time.

The Rev. A. D. Moore, one of his class-mates, says:—"Many of the most pleasant recollections of Seminary life are associated with him. I was one of the fortunate four or five to whom he daily read his phonographic reports of the lectures of the preceding day. While seated around him at

the table, he would slowly read his notes, and then patiently wait until we had written them down. The recollection of this brings up vividly before me his generous nature, his accommodating spirit, his genial smile, and his warm heart. He no doubt would have made one of the very best preachers. His earnestness, his piety, his warm nature, his tireless energy, his discretion, and above all, his love for the souls of men, would undoubtedly have gained him great success in the work of the Lord. His mind was of a superior order; he would grasp a subject immediately. He never needed explanation; he comprehended you instantly. He was a most excellent scholar, took much pride in preparing for recitation, and always sustained himself well in the class-room. As a writer he was smooth, easy, graceful. In speaking, or in debate, he was always so refined, and chaste, and careful in the choice of his words, that he would win you over by his manner as well as by his arguments. His style of speaking would have been a power in the pulpit."

The Rev. H. W. Ballantine, of Marietta, Ohio, says:—"His character as a student was such as to command respect. He was accurate and conscientious in scholarship as in everything; was

always prepared with his lessons, but, being very modest, was seldom heard in the class-room except when spoken to. His writing and speaking were always simple, unaffected, clear and sensible, with no attempt at ornament, nor straining for effect. The impression of him which will last longest in the memory of his class-mates, is of his uniform cheerful courteousness in intercourse, along with irreproachable piety. Never heard I a word of dislike expressed concerning him. I do not think he gave offense to any in anything throughout his Seminary course. So in his piety, none ever heard anything low, or vulgar, or lacking in reverence from him. He was punctual at the class prayer meetings, and ready to bear his part. Punctuality and promptness were indeed characteristic of him, and neatness of person, room, books, everything."

Rev. Eldridge Mix, another of his class, writes as follows:—"At the basis of all, in his character and life, was religion. It was the animating and controlling element of his every-day life. In few persons have I seen it so beautifully exemplified. He was genial and sunny, yet firm and inflexible always in his adherence to right. He was mirthful in manner and conversation, yet ever pure and

elevated in thought and feeling. He was a man of much prayer, and of diligent study of God's word in a devotional way, but never obtruded his piety upon others in these respects. He was one who was ever solicitous for the spiritual welfare of others, and diligent in endeavor for this object, but it was never mentioned, and might have escaped the observation of even his intimate friends.

"With this religious basis as a foundation of character and life, there were combined some of the finest qualities of mind and heart. He was one of the most diligent and faithful students, and there was a certain healthy, symmetrical development of his powers of mind, which were originally of a high order, and such an equipoise and easy command, that his studies seemed always a delight to him. He was never fretted and worried by them, but always seemed in his element when engaged with them. He was possessed of a remarkably clear and accurate intellect in its perceptions, and in its power to frame, and express the same to others. He was an acknowledged leader of his class intellectually, and was regarded as one who gave great promise of success in the ministry.

"He was ever overflowing with wit and humor.

This mingled itself with his studies and daily duties in such a manner as not to hinder their faithful discharge, but rather to help it, for it served to keep him in a bright and happy frame of mind. This element in his disposition made him a very choice companion. It was contagi ous. No one could be with him from day to day and not feel its influence in such a way as to be greatly benefited by it. In our walks and talks together, we were always very light-hearted and happy, chiefly because he was of such a temperament. This would have made him very successful as a minister, especially with the young, presenting religion to them divested of all gloom, and yet without levity.

"He was a man of most thorough and rigid system in everything. And yet he was not seemingly fettered by it. It was partly a native gift, and partly a matter of training, and his rigid thoroughness and exactness seemed to sit easily upon him. It enabled him to accomplish a great amount of labor. What he performed was completely done, and needed not afterwards to be gone over again. He made himself possessor of the fruits of his labors as he went along.

"In one of his letters to me after entering upon

business life, he writes:—'The picture which you draw of your happy pastorate, even with its labors, causes me a sigh of regret; for while I have considerable taste for business pursuits, the ministry was my real choice, and still holds my first affections.' He seemed to resign himself quietly, however, to the Lord's will, and to enter upon the duties to which the business in which he engaged called him, with just the same spirit of self-consecration, and desire to honor Christ, as would have characterized him if he had gone into the ministry. His letters to me always breathed a spirit of piety that was refreshing, showing that he did not suffer the world to intrude upon his heart, and draw him away from the love and service of God.

"I cherish his memory with deep affection, feeling that every remembrance of him is precious and inspiring. I love to recall his excellences, and hold them before me for imitation, and shall heartily rejoice if at the last I shall find myself to have attained as much of growth in grace and in preparation for eternity, as it seems to me he had reached ere the 'home call' greeted his ears."

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO HIS FAMILY WHILE AT THE SEMINARY.

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* * * * * * The most striking circumstance in my experience during the past week has been the cold, which I mentioned when writing last Monday, and which was then in its incipiency. Other pressing duties prevented me from giving that attention to the fight which its importance demanded, so that the odds increased very rapidly in favor of the cold, and by Monday evening I was so completely and evidently used up that the most enthusiastic admirer of my "science" would have felt compelled to hand over the stakes. For about forty-eight hours I was more severely punished than I recollect ever to have been before by this particular antagonist. My countenance was disfigured, my nose swollen, and the stream from my eyes and nose was like "the flow of Iser, rolling rapidly." It seemed to be a raging influenza. "Albeit unused to the melting mood," the pro-

fessors must have thought that for once I was deeply affected by their expositions and lectures; and although my chum's conduct is so blameless as scarcely ever to excite my parental solicitude, yet during those forty-eight hours, I was obliged frequently to talk to him "like a father, with tears in my eyes." I took for a remedy, as usual, two handkerchiefs a day; but these being unavailing, one of my sympathizing friends induced me to swallow a glass of lager beer, which I took with the most heroic self-denial. It was not until Wednesday evening, however, that there was any favorable change. The weather on that evening was very mild, and our fire gave the room a high temperature. My bed-clothes remained at cold weather thickness, and my night-gown, as you know, is not made of tissue. Adding to these facts the circumstance that I took some violent exercise just before getting into bed, and you will not be surprised to hear that I soon found myself in an unpremeditated sweat, which began at once to dispute the championship with the cold. The contest was a severe one, and as I was an interested party, they did not hesitate to keep me awake to watch it. I retired at eleven, and counted the clock strike twelve, one, two, three,

four. Towards five, the cold had manifestly got the worst of it and succumbed.

I dismissed the sweat with one of my quilts, and with thanks, and then got about two hours' sleep. The cold lingered around the premises for two or three days longer, but in evident feebleness and discomfiture, and afraid to make another attack.

Mr. Sailer at this time applied for the post of colporteur for the American Sunday-School Union. Having received his appointment, he left for the field of his labors in Knoxville, Tennessee, the salary being one dollar a day, and an allowance at the rate of forty dollars a year for traveling expenses. His duty was organizing Sunday-schools, and visiting and revisiting those already under way. During this period the record shows that he was active and successful, as during those five months he organized twenty-five new schools, numbering one hundred and eighty-three teachers and over eight hundred scholars, visited and aided sixteen schools numbering one hundred and twenty-one teachers and seven hundred and eighty

scholars, visited two hundred and thirty-one families, and traveled on his field 1178 miles. His letters to the Committee "indicate great devotion to his work;" and while doing all this he could not read, but wrote by the aid of an apparatus sent from the Blind Asylum of Philadelphia.

His duties in Tennessee, in which he very much delighted, were suddenly terminated by a serious accident which occurred in Knoxville. By a strange mishap he fell at night into a cellar, spraining an ankle, and was confined to his room for several weeks. During the period of his illness, he sent his resignation to the Sunday-School Union, but it was not accepted. While in Knoxville, he stayed with Professor M. C. Butler. An account of his life while there has been kindly furnished by this gentleman, as follows:

"Mr. Randolph Sailer, as agent for the American Sunday-School Union for East Tennessee, became a member of my family as a boarder, while in Knoxville, his headquarters, in April, 1859, and remained with us till the latter part of May, 1860. Of urbane and winning manners, of genial disposition, of rare literary culture, of a rich joyous humor, united with a quick, sparkling, but ever kind and tender wit: all these brilliant natu-

ral qualities permeated and vivified by a devoted and cheerful piety. He soon became to myself and wife as a brother beloved, and we being of New England birth and education, and but a few years his senior, and of like religious faith, with a general correspondence of views upon political and social subjects, a perfectly free and unrestrained social intercourse existed between us, as there was no person living whom we felt we knew more perfectly than Mr. Sailer, and it was our oft expressed opinion then and since, that Mr. Sailer's character was the most complete and faultless one within the circle of our acquaintances. His piety was of a peculiarly joyous and cheerful type. As a Sunday-school missionary he was eminently faithful, laborious and systematic, keeping his official business and memoranda so compact, that it required but little time to make up his monthly reports, causing his stay with us from time to time to be much shorter than we wished. We assisted him in organizing several schools in this vicinity, heard his statements of the object of the American Sunday-School Union, and of the plans of the Society for accomplishing those objects. His answers to inquiries, and his earnest appeal to parents and others in behalf of the reli-

gious education of the young, were quite happy and effective, except that perhaps a less scholarly style of address would have been more fully appreciated by some of his uncultivated audiences. He could not so far throw off the restraints of a highly classical culture, as to address a Tennessee country gathering in the most effective manner; but he readily gained the good will and confidence of the plain, rude, but kind-hearted people of this region. While much of the society of this large town is of a highly refined and cultivated character, many families of the more remote settlements are wholly unacquainted with the customs and manners of refined society. 'Stranger, say,' was the frequent invitation to Mr. Sailer to ask a blessing at the family table; and he sometimes slept in a rude chamber over the family room, to which he gained access by a ladder, and through the cracks of whose unwashed floor he could observe the preparation for breakfast, and relieve his host from the trouble of calling, 'Stranger, breakfast is ready.' On one occasion, rising in the morning and inquiring of his host for the wash basin, as it was not standing, as was usually the case, on a rude form or bench at the back door, the man replied that 'he kept no

concern on purpose for that, but he could go down to the creek (pointing to one a few rods distant), and I believe I will just go along too, for my old woman has not yet got breakfast ready, and I have not washed for some time.' They went to the creek and washed, and Mr. Sailer furnished him with a towel, for his friend kept no 'concern' for that purpose either. These are extreme cases, but in such families Mr. Sailer made himself at home, gained their good will and confidence, interested them in his great work, refined and elevated their conception of cultivated manhood, by his easy natural elegance, and left them amid many benedictions and invitations to come again. His description of characters he met with, of scenes in families and assemblies, of rude and senseless sermons, were exceedingly amusing, but entirely free from the tone and manner which are too often indulged in by the gifted and favored when speaking of the poor and lowly. The listener, while convulsed with laughter at his humorous stories, could see that his great Christian heart beat with sympathy and pity for those who were the subjects of his anecdotes.

"Another noble trait of Mr. Sailer's character, as exhibited in his work and history here, was

his sensitiveness with regard to the honorable and the right. People unacquainted with the jealousies and suspicions to which missionaries and traveling agents from the North were subject in those days, especially in times of political excitement, can but faintly realize the difficulties surrounding Mr. Sailer in his work. During the excitement occasioned by the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry, in September, 1859, he could not bear the idea of being suspected of any wrong, of being looked upon with an eye of distrust. At the very height of this excitement he was laboring at the county seat of one of our most populous counties, which at that time was full of lawyers and others in attendance upon the court then in session. He noticed a studious coldness and reserve toward himself on the part of the lawyers from this city, who had formerly been very cordial; all eyes were turned upon him as he passed in and out of the hotel, and through the streets. He overheard people inquiring about himself, and at last it was hinted that he might be a confederate of John Brown's, under the guise of being a Sunday-school missionary. His pleasant, frank and sincere answer and manner at once satisfied the jealous party, but Mr. Sailer came home quite

broken in spirit. After much thought, and the encouragement of friends, he again mounted his faithful Silas (as he called his horse), and sallied forth in his great work, feeling that he could not abandon it, thinking of the 'glory it would bring to God, and the intellectual and spiritual blessings it would bring to the people.'"

Upon his recovery, Mr. Sailer returned to Philadelphia in the spring of 1860, and had his eyes examined, when their condition was found to be such as rendered further progress in study impossible. With what sadness this decision of his medical adviser was received, no words can tell. His friends, Messrs. Powers and Weightman, now gave him the position of traveling representative of their house, his duties being such that they could be faithfully discharged without affecting his eyes. He labored in the interest of the firm from 1860 to 1866, in this capacity as well as others of a more important and confidential character. In January, 1866, he was taken into partnership. On being told that the position he now occupied (being a member of one of the most important chemical firms in the United States) would insure his future welfare, and no doubt

result in his becoming a wealthy man, his reply was, "I care only for money for the power it gives me of doing good." This was but the honest expression of that wish which was still ever near his heart. In his intercourse with the clerks of the house, and its army of employees, he was always genial and kind, having a pleasant word, and a never-to-be-forgotten smile for every one. He always seemed to have the welfare of those around him, or those with whom he was thrown in daily intercourse, in quiet consideration. Sometimes, as his duties would require, he would go to a clerk at his desk, and with his hand upon his shoulder, in a low, well-modulated and feeling voice, recite a stanza or two of Longfellow's Excelsior.

No one who has listened to his rendering of that beautiful poem can fail at this day to remember the peculiar effect which its recital had upon the hearer. Even in the midst of the busy scene around, one seemed to be translated to another sphere for the time.

In his business intercourse no one could have told of that intense and deep religious feeling which was the underlying stratum of his character, for Mr. Sailer never pressed his religious views

upon others in the common walks of life, however great was his energy in this direction within the walls of his church or Sunday-school, or in the precincts of their sphere in the outer world.

He was an ardent business man, never flagging or flinching his duties. At times, after becoming one of the firm, it became necessary for him to travel also. He would go from Philadelphia to Boston, or to New Orleans or Chicago, with that quietness which characterized all his movements, attending carefully and promptly to the business in charge, and making during these visits many warm friends among the druggists. His name, wherever he went, became the synonym of fair and honest dealing, and he was held up by many as a pattern for the young, and as a good example for all.

He was very sensitive to any rudeness on the part of those with whom he had business to transact. The only occasion upon which we have ever known him to be the least excited, or appear really angry, was after having been assailed with rough language by an official of an Express Company: it is fair to presume that this person was rebuked in some gentle and dignified way.

His influence upon the drug trade was a very

good one: frowning upon anything tainted with fraud and duplicity, and expressing his views upon all occasions in a bold and fearless manner: having censure ever ready when it was merited, and earnestly insisting that no praise was due for being upright and steadfast in business.

Among some of the laws passed by the Congress of the United States, was one which was particularly oppressive upon most chemical manufacturers and all druggists and apothecaries. This was the revenue act, placing a tax of two dollars upon a gallon of whisky, or nearly double this upon its derivative alcohol. The latter article is used in the manufacture of quinine, chloroform, spirits of niter, in all the tinctures and essences used in medicine, in varnishes, and is, in fact, of primary importance, as a so-called raw material, or adjunct, in many other preparations. The tax proved a difficult one to collect, and was evaded by subterfuge or fraud by many. A gallon of alcohol, which would sell in the market for a dollar and a quarter, should have brought over four dollars if the tax had been honestly paid. Mr. Sailer took strong grounds against this violation of law, and in order to combat it, with others organized among the drug and chemical trade a kind

of league, binding themselves not to purchase alcohol upon which the tax had not been paid. He felt that besides the wrong of countenancing the frauds upon the revenue, the true way to repeal an obnoxious law was to let it become oppressive to the people. In this good work he was assisted by many prominent men of the trade, and through the action of the Philadelphia Drug Exchange, of which his firm was a member and himself a director, the matter was brought to the consideration of Congress. Mr. Sailer, however, was the leading spirit, and indeed all the work,—and it was a great labor,—devolved upon him. He drew up the statements, wrote the resolutions which were passed, and went to Washington many times. The powerful expressions used by him in the debate upon this subject, are still remembered with admiration by those who heard them. Mr. Sailer was sent as a delegate of the Drug Exchange to represent them in the so-called Whisky Convention, in 1868, in the city of Washington. He was placed upon the committee on resolutions, and those drawn up by him were adopted by the Convention. In this heterogeneous assembly his scholarship and unflinching integrity had particular force. He had the pleasure

to see his efforts crowned with success, and to no one more than to Randolph Sailer belongs the credit of the modification of this demoralizing law.

At home, in the family circle, all his many eminent traits, talents and virtues seemed to expand as a canopy, enveloping and covering all whom he loved and held most dear. It was his constant care to keep alive a warm family attachment, and an endearing regard one for the other. Never a birth-day of his parents, of his brothers and sisters, or those of their children came, but they received some memento from him. He carefully looked after the success of his brothers in their business enterprises, and aided them in every consistent and possible way. His letters always told of the devoted love of the son and brother. It was his habit to take advantage of his business holidays to visit relatives living at a distance, and he was very earnest in cultivating strong feelings of consanguinity. The following extract from a letter written when upon a business tour, shows how untiring was his religious zeal upon all proper occasions:

DECATUR, 18th March, 1866.

* * * * * * *

"I expected to find at Decatur a large town with churches, etc.; but I forgot that the war had been here. The hotel is an ordinary country tavern. I was taken at first to a room in a little out-house. As the floor was bare, and the crevices admitted the cold wind, I *looked* my objections, and the intelligent contraband said I might prefer a room up-stairs. I was shown up, and ordered a fire, etc., but afterwards found myself transferred (on account of the neighborhood, up-stairs, of a lady very sick) to a little room opening upon a back verandah, with a window on the front. It has a rag carpet, and the appointments are rather cheerless. Since stopping the broken window-panes with the pillow, and having a fire built in the large fire-place, I have made myself quite comfortable.

"My first desire was to accomplish the full ablutions to which the sleeping-car and steamboat are not favorable; for which purpose I was furnished with a piece of yellow soap—a lump like a washerwoman's.

"My next care was to find a church; but I was informed that there were no religious services in the neighborhood, all the churches having been burned with the town. I walked out, and found that where the court-house and streets of houses had stood, there was only a barren plain, covered with scattered bricks. Only four or five decent-looking dwellings were left on the outskirts of the town, and a very few new buildings have been put up. Of the bridge over the Tennessee River, only the stone piers are left. A rampart runs all around the town—now broken in many places, and the ditch filled up.

"Although the weather was still cool, the sun was shining brightly, and I enjoyed the Sabbath stillness; but soon the silence in the presence of so much desolation, seemed almost oppressive. A few loungers gradually made their appearance at the door of the drinking-shop, and occasionally a negro passed up or down the road. At the edge of the town I found Company D, Fortieth Regiment Colored Troops, quartered in rude huts. I asked some of them whether they had any preaching or prayer-meeting on Sunday. They said they had not had for a long time, but would be willing to have any service. I promised to come

down in the afternoon, when I might hope to find their captain, and ask his consent for the service.

"Since I have been writing this, I have been interrupted by dinner, and it is now after one o'clock. I expect to go soon, and will keep this letter open to state to you the result. If I am allowed, I think I shall give a plain talk from the parable of the Prodigal Son.

* * * * * * *

"4 P. M., PHILADELPHIA TIME.

"I have just returned from the service with the colored troops. The captain readily gave his consent to the services, and proposed to sound his bugle in half an hour to assemble the men. In that interval I went back to the town and invited all the darkies whom I met, to come to the preaching. At the appointed time the bugle sounded, and the men fell into line and marched in order to the position I had designated. The captain then ordered them to bring their stools, and the whole company sat in a semi-circle before me.

"The company from the town sat outside on the branches of trees. The captain brought me a chair from his tent, and seats for himself, first lieutenant and doctor. Two or three of the men had little hymn books, and I asked them to sing

at the beginning and close of the service. They chose

'Come ye who love the Lord'

and

'Am I a soldier of the Cross?'

and sang very well. I spoke of the Prodigal Son, and with freedom; and the service was every way gratifying (for the men seemed very much interested), except that I felt painfully the coldness and inefficiency of my manner."

In May, 1866, Mr. Sailer married Miss Josephine Pile, daughter of Dr. Wilson H. Pile, of Philadelphia. A son was born to him in May, 1868, and was named after his tried friend and partner, Thomas Henry Powers Sailer.

On the evening of 11th January, 1869, Mr. Sailer left his house to attend a prayer-meeting at the chapel in which he was so deeply interested. Being a mild, though rainy night, and under the impression, no doubt, that he would be obliged to walk quite a long distance, he went without his overcoat; the storm increasing, his clothing become thoroughly wet, and next day he was attacked with pneumonia, which assumed a

violent type. During this illness he was patient and uncomplaining, notwithstanding his intense suffering. The disease after about ten days was allayed, leaving him, however, in a condition of excessive weakness and exhaustion, from which it was found impossible to raise him. His life passed away at eleven o'clock on the morning of 22d January, 1869.

The following extract from a memorial sermon delivered by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, Pastor of the Greenwich Street Presbyterian Church, gives an account of his labors in building up that church:

"When he entered the employ of Messrs. Powers & Weightman, after returning from Tennessee, he co-operated heartily in the movements of Pine Street Church, and again took a class in the Sabbath-school. He, in company with a few others, started the 'Young People's Prayer-Meeting,' an instrumentality very efficient for good among the young of that church; he was also active in all missionary movements, prompt to take part, and eloquent in the advocacy of the most liberal measures. He would have been elected an elder in that old church had he consented, but was, however, an active and influential member of the

board of trustees. The Providence which prevented him from completing his seminary course, and sent him back sick from Tennessee, presented another field of labor just adapted to his resolute energy and self-sacrificing spirit.

"In the spring of 1862, a Sabbath-school was started in the Shiffler Hose House, Reed Street below Second. Mr. Sailer was elected Superintendent. The school increased rapidly in numbers until the room was overcrowded, and it was necessary that some other building should be obtained, or the children must be driven away. The lot on which our chapel stands, was held in trust by the Pine Street Church, and was then available for church purposes.

"Mr. Sailer set to work to erect this building. He enlisted the sympathies of some of the wealthy men of Pine Street Church, and solicited subscriptions from his own immediate friends; he excited the enthusiasm of those in the vicinity, and in January, 1866, the chapel was completed at a cost of ten thousand dollars, all of that amount being paid. Without injustice to others, it may be truthfully said, that had not Randolph Sailer undertaken the work, it would not have been accomplished. Had he not contributed, had he not

solicited contributions, the building would not have been erected. For those who met there from Sabbath to Sabbath, he was both Pastor and Superintendent. He met the teachers weekly, and instructed them in the lessons, explaining the text, giving the exact meaning in the original languages, giving the historical connection, and suggesting the method to be adopted by each teacher in reaching the hearts of the pupils. He visited the children when sick, ministered to their wants, prayed by their bedsides, often kneeling upon the bare boards, and pointed them to the cross. One-half of the pastor's salary was paid by him since the organization of the church; indeed, without his presence and aid, such a movement would not have been possible. The Sabbath-school has grown to be one of the largest in the southern part of the city. He was treasurer of the board of trustees, and the bills were always paid when presented. He was an elder in the church, and his punctuality and promptness, together with his culture and conscientiousness, greatly aided the pastor in all his plans for the upbuilding of it.

"Mr. Sailer was with us on the Sabbath, and with us during the week; his heart was here, if

anywhere on the earth. How faithfully did he, as trustee, superintendent and elder, discharge the duties devolving upon him! He did the work of a dozen men; came to pray with us, to labor for us, to cheer us on; he came through winter storm and summer sun alike—nothing detained him. What an example was he! He was most conscientious in the discharge of every duty. He was a generous man—never gave grudgingly, gave liberally, and did not publish his gifts. Few but God and the receiver knew what he gave. He never shall be forgotten! While this building stands, and while children meet here for instruction, while we bow here in worship, he never can be forgotten! He will perpetuate his influence in the lives of those whom he led to God."

The following extract from the Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the Philadelphia Drug Exchange, will show the estimation in which Mr. Sailer was held by the gentlemen composing that organization.

TO THE

Members of the Philadelphia Drug Exchange.

GENTLEMEN:—The advent of another year, marking the tenth of the existence of your organization, calls for the usual resume of the stewardship of your Board of Directors for the one just completed—a year in which events of much interest have transpired.

Its opening was marked with gloom and sadness, occasioned by the bereavement sustained in the death of one of your most useful and honored members.

There are none of you who were present at the meeting called in January, 1869, to record the

feelings of the association upon the sudden decease of RANDOLPH SAILER, but can vividly recall the saddened faces, the awed and subdued manner of that large representation of your body, as they listened with responding hearts to the eloquent and noble tributes to the memory of your fellow-member, of whose friendship and counsel you were so suddenly deprived.

* * * * * * * *

We miss the light step and familiar form,—the pleasant greeting which was the sure accompaniment of his presence; the frankness which was his nature; his truthfulness, refined to a Christian principle; his geniality — his manliness. There are those of our members, too, who, in enjoying, rightly estimated and now deeply miss the peculiar charm of his social converse, which made him the ornament of the circle in which he moved. No one who knew him intimately, but grew the better for the gentle magic of his companionship.

* * * * * * * *

Obituary notices emanating from the pens of those who knew and valued Mr. Sailer, were inserted in almost all the papers of this city immediately after his death.

Resolutions of respect for the deceased and condolence with his family were passed by the Drug Exchange.

At a congregational meeting of the Greenwich Street Presbyterian Church, resolutions were passed acknowledging his great services to that church and the Sunday-school attached to it; also expressing deep sympathy with his afflicted family.

Our story is told. We have given to the reader, we hope, enough of the writings and the works of our departed friend, to prove that the affection, esteem and respect with which he was regarded by all who knew him or came within the circle of his influence, were not misplaced. God in His wisdom removed him from our midst at a time when his example seemed most needed and his means of doing good were most ample. Before him, and apparently within his grasp, seemed all that was desirable to a man of cultivated intellect and tastes, besides the large field for the exercise of his generous impulses in the improvement of the moral and physical condition of his fellow-men. But we see he passed quietly and uncomplainingly away.

"HIS WORK HERE WAS DONE."

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